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# MAN to MAN

VOLUME 1

NUMBER 1

## THE STAG MAGAZINE •

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CLYDE CAVENDISH

Assistant Editor

RAY CHATTERTON

Article Editor

HOWARD DAUGHTON

Fiction Editor

ARTHUR PETERSON

Picture Editor

NEIL CRAWFORD

Sports Editor

JAY BURTIS

Advertising Manager

JON LAURELL — Art Director

## CONTENTS

Dec., 1949-Jan., 1950

### ARTICLES

- can homosexuality be cured?..... 6  
raube welters
- is benzedrine harmful?..... 12  
hugo von schonfeld
- the short and tragic life of vincent foster 14  
leroy thorpe
- the ship that went over the falls..... 20  
douglas ingells
- siamese fighting fish..... 28  
brian mclean
- the country's busiest clock watchers.... 36  
william z. kreh
- mass murders for fun..... 48  
homer shannon

### FICTION

- excitement is a woman..... 24  
ramon lee
- international incident..... 30  
ben h. baldwin
- the hour of death..... 38  
john thomas urwin
- my fine feathered friend..... 46  
william mcgregor

### TRUE STORIES

- spirit curse of the lost frenchman's gold.. 18  
lyndon ripley
- shark island alcatraz..... 32  
kurt severin
- mind-reading detectives..... 50  
vincent h. geddis

### SPORT

- america's daddy of speed..... 8  
norryle english
- famous wisecracks of sport..... 26  
tom norton
- how to pick longshots that win..... 42  
william p. mcgovern
- football's most exciting game..... 52  
russell newbold
- champ bowler at 53..... 56  
paul gould

### PICTORIAL

- there'll always be a press agent..... 10
- he trades in human shrunken heads..... 16
- it's a living..... 22
- are american girls more beautiful?..... 34
- man to man, she's a sweetheart!..... 40
- so he built a road-running boat..... 44
- how to cook an octopus..... 54

### CARTOONS

by priscilla berry, straus, la mendola, ryan,  
brown, ulah and sharp

### COVER

by peter gowland from shoatal

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A black and white studio portrait of a woman with voluminous, dark, curly hair. She is looking upwards and to the right with a serene expression. Her eyes are closed or looking away from the camera. She has dark lipstick and is wearing a strapless garment. The background is a soft, out-of-focus studio backdrop.

GLORIA GALE  
NEW YORK  
SHOWGIRL

# CAN HOMOSEXUALITY BE CURED?

By RAUBE WALTERS

If a man finds himself not a normal male, can he hope to find a way to normal sexual desires and behavior?

**T**ODAY, seemingly more than ever before in the history of the United States, the long neglected social problem of homosexuality (the sexual love of man for man, woman for woman) demands an answer.

Can homosexuality be cured?

This is the first question asked by agonized parents when they face the fact that they have such a socially ugly duckling in their family. It is the question pondered gravely by judges, penologists, social workers and clergymen faced daily with the increased number of homosexuals in conflict with our laws.

More and more, puzzled society and the harassed homosexual is looking toward the science of psychiatry for an answer. More and more society is modifying in execution the rigid application of the old laws, in accordance with the advice of these students of the mind and emotions.

But despite this progress of a kind, the plain, unvarnished truth is that our knowledge is woefully inadequate.

And the psychiatrist, above all others, would be most reluctant to give an unequivocal answer without hedging it about with so many qualifications as to reduce his answer to the status of a hesitant, "Maybe."

**A**LL of the social indices seem to reveal that homosexuality is rapidly on the increase.

The Kinsey report, the thousands of men exempted and classified as 4F in World War II Selective Service, and the thousands more ignominiously discharged from our military establishment for this cause—all these make the answer to the question of possible cures for homosexuality one which our contemporary society cannot continue to ignore.

Today, the problem of homosexuality rates the priority in our social thinking conceded to that of syphilis a decade ago.

If by cure is meant an overnight or fortnightly change of the sexual expression of an individual from homosexual to heterosexual expression, then, almost without exception, psychiatrists would throw up their hands and firmly answer, "No!"

Indeed, if cure means the conversion of every overt homosexual into a heterosexual person, then you will find the psychiatrists even more at odds with any possibility of cure. And it is to these fellow men, the psychiatrists, that both society and the homosexual must look for the answer.

In general, psychiatrists would take exception to the word cure as being applicable to the function of psychiatry. Where the problem of homosexuality and its possible cure is concerned, perhaps the attitude of the majority of psychiatrists is best expressed by Dr. O. Spurgeon English, Professor of Psychiatry at Temple University Medical School, in his essay, "Sex and Human Love," included in the best-selling pocket-book symposium, *About The Kinsey Report*.

Dr. English states, "Homosexuality presents two social problems: (one) prevention, and (two) acceptance and understanding of the homosexual who is already developed."

It must be kept in mind that the psychiatrist views homosexuality as a personality problem with social complications arising in large measure out of social attitudes and the conflict of homosexuals with these attitudes.

Elaborating his point of view, Dr. English writes: "He or she (the homosexual) is an unfortunate individual, because homosexuals usually meet sooner or later with social rebuff and ostracism, if their true nature becomes known."

Psychiatrists such as Dr. English would be among the first to admit the limitations of our knowledge in this field of human behavior.



Tennis player Bill Tilden was a "moral offender."

SOCIETY'S first cure—and the old standby even today in many parts of the world, particularly the United States—was to attempt to legislate the homosexual out of existence.

Prisons and armies have always spawned homosexuals in great numbers, and our American prisons and military and naval establishments were no exception to this.

But nobody thought of curing homosexuals. The problem was how to punish them out of existence, and successive legislatures debated even harsher police measures without benefit of even reasonably adequate knowledge, much less such psychiatric information as may have been available. Had any member of the legislatures of those days suggested cure he'd have been laughed out of public life.

Under such circumstances even medical men hesitated to engage in research in such a disreputable field, and homosexuals were not likely to be cooperative in such research. Without intensive research, the cause, much less the cure, was to remain impossible of exact, incontrovertible definition.

In consequence of this widespread attitude, the United States is far behind Europe in research and information in the field of homosexuality. Havelock Ellis, the Englishman, an outstanding campaigner for knowledge in this field, probably did more to encourage intelligent discussion than any other one person using the English language.

Psychiatrists today would take issue with both his

methods and his conclusions, but would admit a debt of gratitude, nonetheless.

German physiologists and scientists pioneered the field, and while the great names there are now outmoded by those utilizing more modern psychiatric approaches, one cannot ignore the real social significance of Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis*, Albert Moll's work, Dr. Iwan Block's *The Sexual Life of Our Time* and the extensive research of Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld. Dr. William Stekel's *Bi-sexual Love* also made an important contribution to the field.

Dr. Sigmund Freud, father of psycho-analysis, was familiar with the work and publications of all these pioneers before he formulated his psycho-analytic approach to the problem.

As a result of the work of Krafft-Ebing, Albert Moll, Iwan Block, and Magnus Hirschfeld, Europeans were literally generations ahead of English speaking countries in their recognition and knowledge of the problem of homosexuality. Frank Harris' brilliant biography of the ill-starred Oscar Wilde did much to increase discussion on the subject in Britain, as did the work of the famous literary authority on ancient Greece, John Addington Symonds.

**D**ESPITE a slow relaxing of the taboos and the conscientious effort of a few, very little progress was made here in the years before World War I. One peculiar dividend of World War I was the influx of strange knowledge from strange sources brought back to fertilize our social thinking.

Military authorities had been startled to discover homosexuals in the Army and Navy and dealt with them with accustomed rigor.

However, a few medical men, notably Dr. Warren Stearns, later Commissioner of Mental Hygiene in Massachusetts, became interested in the problem as it manifested itself in America and began seriously studying the subject.

Some of the most sincere informative work in the field, both as it pertains to the problem of the individual and in its social phases, was done by the Rev. John Rathbone Oliver, an Episcopal clergyman, writer, psychiatrist and Professor of The History of Medicine at Johns Hopkins Medical School.

Oliver will be remembered by many as the author of *Victim and Victor*, a novel which narrowly missed getting the Pulitzer Prize.

Patiently, over many years, Oliver devoted himself to a study of homosexuality and to careful, intelligent explanation of his discoveries. His high status as a medical historian and as an authority on legal medicine lent more dignity to the subject than had the work of most of his American predecessors.

What, you ask, has all this to do with the possible and probable cure of homosexuality?

A great deal. Under the sexual laws on our statute books, any serious research to get at the "why" and "how" of homosexuality is hamstrung. Without such information any approach to a consideration of cure is impossible, except theoretically.

Obviously, the environment conditioning homosexuality in America differs from that of Europe. Yet until research reveals "how" homosexuality is modified in and by our American culture, it will be difficult to consider means of cure.

The intelligent application of the statutes with due consideration for the recognized values inherent in the psychiatric approach without tossing overboard the old-time curative value of punishment by imprisonment puzzles competent, conscientious jurists.

(Continued on page 72)



Did Dr. Kinsay exaggerate homosexuality?



Ab Jenkins has been racing since 1902.

# AMERICA'S DADDY of *SPEED*

By NORRYLE ENGLISH

Ab Jenkins, of Salt Lake City, has set a record of an average of 172 m.p.h. for six hours over the salt flats. Can he beat his own record?

**A**LREADY acclaimed National Champion of Champions, Ab Jenkins is out (as we go to press) to add another star to his glittering crown. In the re-conditioned Mormon Meteor III, Utah's silver-haired daddy of speed is confident of hitting above 200 mph in a 6 to 12 hour endurance run on the Bonneville salt flats circular course.

His present world's record mark for 6 hours is 172.3 mph, made in 1940.

Newspapermen dubbed Ab "The Mormon Meteor," long before a Salt Lake City newspaper contest christened his sleek racing car by that stellar title. And the combination of the Mormon Meteors—man and machine—has been hard to beat. For Ab Jenkins now holds more world's unlimited records than any other sports personality ever known.

He's undisputed speed king of the circular track from the 10 mile to the 46 hour marks.

On either the circular or straightaway courses, he's top man on all speed marks over 25 kilometers (15 5/8 miles.)

In his July, 1940, 24-hour endurance run, Ab maintained an average speed of 161.3 mph for the complete course. During this run he also set the record for the fastest mile on the circular course, 189-plus mph.

That's break-neck speed, but, paradoxically, Jenkins is also the World's Safest Driver.

Owning 64 standard automobiles of various makes during his career, Ab has driven over 2 1/2 million miles on the nation's highways without an accident. That includes avoiding the other fellow! He earned the "safest driver" title in 1932, when his record was a mere 2 million miles.

**T**HOUGH he'd been racing on motorcycles and in cars since 1902, Ab first attracted nation-wide attention in 1931. He cracked his own cross-country record for the second time, dashing from New York City to Los Angeles in 51 hours and 10 minutes.

On a barnstorming tour of the country the same year, Ab broke all hill climbing marks in a stock car, and then toured the eastern states trying to popularize the idea of establishing the Bonneville salt flats near Salt Lake City as a speedway. Jenkins and his friends in the chambers of commerce and automobile clubs persistently plugged away at "selling the salt" as a race-course, but with little result.

While testing a 12-cylinder Pierce-Arrow in 1932, Ab decided to show the racing world the advantage of the saline track over the French and Floridian courses then holding the records. After rolling for 24 hours without a relief driver, Ab was slated to find he'd broken all existing land speed records.

But a setback came, for the AAA Contest Board ruled the run unofficial, because it was not properly timed. Ab wasted no time in regrets, but went out in 1933 with an identical car to boost the salt course record to an official average speed of 117.77 mph for 24 hours. This time, the world watched, and the salt speedway was recognized at last.

During a lull in 1935, before he began setting up more records for the English triumvirate—Eyston, Campbell and Cobb—to shoot at, Jenkins hopped on an Allis-Chalmers tractor to win the title, World's Fastest Farmer.

"That was like riding a frightened buffalo," Ab recalls.

But that's not all in the Jenkins bag of tricks. He's found time in his event-packed life to earn the title, Utah's First Citizen. He's designed and built many schools and public buildings, engineered improvements in several motor cars, served as Utah coordinator of



safety, and spent a stormy (but effective) four years as Mayor of Salt Lake City.

**T**HE Mormon Meteor—the man—today is bronzed and hearty, radiating with good health and good humor. At 46, he's cockily proud of his physical prowess, which he attributes entirely to living a clean, satisfying life, without stimulation from liquors, tobacco, coffee, or tea.

Ab is outspokenly critical of sports figures who praise cigarette and liquor brands in advertisements, and has himself turned down offers of thousands of dollars for advertising testimonials.

He declares, "I wouldn't sell the boys and girls short for anything!"

The Mormon Meteor III—the machine—has a 12-cylinder, converted airplane engine, Curtiss-Wright V type. On record runs, it gulps 3½ gallons of 86 octane gasoline per mile. The gas tank holds 112 gallons.

Oil capacity of the speed giant is only 5 gallons. Water, 9 gallons. Efficiency of the cooling system has been so perfected that the racer will roll for 24 hours without needing added water. Tires have a thin 1-16 inch tread and gain only four pounds of pressure during the run.

The present 4500-pound Meteor III is the same original racer christened Meteor I, twice streamlined and remodeled.

As suggested by the governor, who has urged the great driver to race again, proceeds of the record try this fall will be donated to the state's crippled children's hospitals.

Leading automobile accessory manufacturers customarily sponsor Ab's races. In exchange for testing their products, such as piston rings, tires, and spark plugs, under the extremes of strain and temperature that the Meteor III must withstand, the manufacturers "hang up" purses amounting from \$1,000 to \$20,000 each.

Ab's largest purse collection was in 1937, when a

single run brought \$40,000. But the racer, built that same year at his own expense, cost more than that, Ab said.

**W**HAT are the sensations felt by a man while hurtling around a 12-miles expanse of salt for hour after hour? No one can tell the story better than the Mormon Meteor himself:

"The waiting and preparations before the race are long and nerve-wracking. A tent camp is set up, supplies are brought in, surveying of the track begins.

"The course is marked by drilling holes in the brick-hard salt and inserting wooden stake markers. The salt must be scraped smooth and double-checked for holes and bumps.

"An electric eye chronometer is set up and tested by the AAA Contest Board. They also check and seal all gas and oil supplies.

"The car goes through test runs and gas mixture tests for many hours before I take it out. Each manufacturer-sponsor has many testing devices ready to record what's happening to their products under the stress of the run.

"The pitcrew gets a workout, practicing speed, for pit-stop-time is not deductible from the overall time of the race.

"Pit stops are worked out to a science. In less than 30 seconds these operations are completed: all four wheels are changed, the gas tank is filled by pressure hoses, the car is thoroughly greased, oil and water are checked, and the windshield is washed.

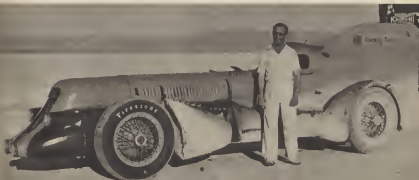
"Toward dawn on the day that all is ready, things begin to hum on the speed laboratory of the world.

"Track officials bustle around, and the tired mechanics triple-check. Press photographers swarm up to the car, getting a take-off shot. The newsreel cameras start grinding.

"From habit, I walk around the Meteor III looking for loose parts such as valve caps. At 180 mph the wind

(Continued on page 80)

Can Ab Jenkins, in his Mormon Meteor III, hit above 200 miles per hour?





Nancy Lewis helps bellyhoo Association of Locksmiths.



Abbe Marshall lends herself to publicizing bow ties.

## THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A PRESS AGENT

THE press agent (Public Relations Counselor, to you) is here to stay. He has already displaced the old-fashioned bill poster. But where would this press agent be without sex appeal to help him? Poising a pretty girl, he can get pictures of pickles, plastic or plane into the papers. Without a pretty girl, he cannot. Just see how it works—even with us.

Cleo Moore, in plastic bra, advertises "Plastic Art."



Mara Lynn helps make public fireworks-conscious.





Ruth Brend boots outsize pickle to start "National Pickle Week."

# IS BENZEDRINE HARMFUL?

By HUGO von SCHONFELD

The remarkable but erratic powers of this amazing new stimulant may be a boon to man—or a serious problem

**A**MPHETAMINE sulphate, popularly known as benzedrine, is one of the newest products of the chemical laboratory in the drug classification. It is also one of the least understood and most potent of stimulants readily available.

It is as tricky and unpredictable in its effects as it is versatile. Medical men and pharmacologists haven't quite made up their minds whether benzedrine should be regarded as dope—and people who use it treated as drug addicts—or whether it is a harmless and diverting embellishment of the intellectual and emotional life of a restless humanity.

However that may be, in the decade and a half since this synthetic preparation reached the shelves of the corner drug store, ingenious individuals ever alert for a new thrill have put it to a growing variety of uses.

The steadily expanding list of legitimate and illicit purposes to which benzedrine is put ranges from saving the lives of individuals who have intentionally or otherwise taken an overdose of sleeping pills to a surreptitiously administered aphrodisiac.

Benzedrine is a great boon to the after-dinner speaker, releasing a great flow of words and an unfamiliar eloquence. It is a gift from heaven to the man or woman who has voluntarily incurred that most monstrous and stubborn of all miseries habitually self-inflicted by intemperate persons—the morning-after heebie-jeebies or just plain (and fancy) hangover.

College students cramming for exams call the little white tablets "pep pills." To others who have no better excuse for swallowing them than a desire for a jag, they are sometimes known as "talk pills."

During the war, it wasn't uncommon for the military to provide pilots and crew setting out on a long and exhausting bombing mission with a few tablets of the sleep-chasers.

Despite dire warnings of some members of the medical fraternity, it has become fairly common for physicians to prescribe benzedrine as a part of a reducing diet for obese persons who can't or won't otherwise cut down on the caloric intake.

With so imposing a list of virtues to its credit, it might seem that this cheap synthetic stimulant would be universally acclaimed as one of modern chemistry's major blessings to the human race.

**A**CTUALLY, most conservative authorities on such matters regard it as a dangerous and insidious threat to the health of the rapidly growing army of careless or reckless users. One reason for this is that so little is really known about the effect on the nervous system and physiology of the body of habitual or even occasional use of the drug. Another (and this, at least in part, accounts for the present ignorance and uncertainty of the medical wise men) is that there is a remarkable and unaccountable difference in the reaction of different individuals to the drug—both mentally and physically.

In this state of uncertainty and suspense, benzedrine is listed as a dangerous drug under the federal pure food, drug and cosmetics law. Sale in tablet form is now forbidden in most states without a doctor's prescription.

Chemically, this medical riddle is closely related to ephedrine, which has been long employed to dispel that clogged and stuffy feeling in nasal passages caused by a head cold.

Benzedrine is even more effective in this connection, and though the tablets are generally available only on the doctor's order, benzedrine inhalers can be readily procured from the neighborhood druggist with no such formality.

It is this state of affairs which has resulted in the publication in that "conscience" of the medical profession, the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, of many alarming and scandalized ar-



Sale in tablet form is forbidden without a doctor's prescription.

ticles on the subject of benzedrine.

The inhalers contain strips of paper which have been impregnated with the equivalent of something like 25 tablets of the forbidden drug. Many so-called "addicts" have found that it is a simple matter to break open the inhalers. They chew the strips of paper or soak them in coffee or in an alcoholic drink to obtain the prescribed kick cheaply and effectively.

Not long ago, an article in the A.M.A. Journal by two able psychiatrists reported on one phase of the inhaler scandal. The authors were Dr. Russell R. Monroe, of Orangeburg, N. Y., and Dr. Hyman J. Drell, of Chicago. On official duty at the Army disciplinary barracks at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, these two scientific sleuths discovered that fully one-quarter of the inmates were regularly using the inhalers for an illicit jag.

About half of the group using benzedrine in the barracks, they found out, had been using it in civilian life. The rest had picked up the habit while in confinement to relieve boredom.

As a medicine, benzedrine was first put to work in 1935 to rouse victims of narcolepsy, a nervous condition in which the patient falls into frequent spells of profound sleep. Since 1935, many of the remarkable and erratic powers of this drug have been discovered by accident.

For example, loss of weight on the part of habitual users was simply an observed fact of a secondary nature. And so benzedrine was prescribed by some physicians to assist sluggish individuals to get rid of dangerous poundage.

It was only a little more than three years ago that a research group at Northwestern University set out to track down the reason for the loss of weight.

Did use of benzedrine increase the basal metabolism of the individual? That is, did it actually fan the human furnace into burning up fuel faster?

Was its effect dehydration of the body, thus reducing weight? Or was it simply that the drug stimulated the individual to increased nervous and muscular activity?

These are a few of the questions for which the trained medical researchers wanted answers.

Staff members and students of the medical school were offered a dollar a day and all they could eat to serve as guinea pigs. All during the 1945-46 food shortage, men and women participating in the experiments were fed benzedrine and



It gives a sense of well-being and it sharpens the faculties.

tempted with such (then) hard-to-get dishes as porterhouse steak and lamb chops.

The subjects taking benzedrine lost an average of 10 pounds each during the experiments, with those who were on the fleshy side at the start losing most.

But the researchers were convinced that the results reflected nothing more alarming than an impairment of appetite, due to mental rather than physical factors.

**T**HIS is in direct contradiction to another scientific opinion to the effect that one of the most serious dangers connected with prolonged use of the drug is that of digestive disorders of a complicated and as yet little understood nature.

In fact, manufacturers of this baffling contribution to new and different (whether better or not) human experiences caution that individuals equipped with a "sluggish gut" should beware. For such persons the drug frequently inhibits or interferes with the peristaltic action of the intestine (the rhythmic muscular action which keeps food and digestive by-products moving on their way) so markedly as to have serious results.

About a year before the results of the Northwestern University experiments were reported in the A. M. A. Journal, this eminent and trusted guide to medical opinion printed an article prepared by two pioneering medicos on the use of benzedrine as an antidote for acute

(Continued on page 74)

# the SHORT and TRAGIC LIFE of VINCENT FOSTER

By LEROY THORPE

The hard-hitting young boxer packed a lot of life and a lot of heartbreak into his 22 years of furious living

NOBODY thought that Death lurked just ahead as the sleek, powerful, new 1949 sedan roared through the night. Instead, the five passengers were sitting on top of the world. They were all young; the world was their oyster.

They had had a swell time at a Sunday night dance in the little town of Hatfield, Minnesota; now at 1:50 A.M. on Monday morning, the car rocketed eagerly over the lonely highway, heading toward Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Gripping the wheel with powerful fists was a husky youth of 22—a proud, sensitive boy with a shock of dark hair, wide-set black eyes with glittering pupils, high cheek bones, mobile lips, and a rock-hard chin. His was a devil-may-care face, a strange mixture of strength and weakness. Beside him sat a demure, pretty miss of 18—little Ruth Newcome, of Flandreau, South Dakota.

The three others were in the rear seat.

Suddenly a red tail light loomed ahead, grew with appalling speed. The lad at the wheel jammed on the brakes frantically. But there wasn't time to stop or swerve aside. A scream of rubber, a steel-shearing crash, and glass tinkled in the night as the boy and girl were catapulted through the windshield like sacks of still-living flesh. Then there was horror-ridden silence, and, after a moment, the screams and moans of the injured.

The new sedan had ploughed into the rear-end of a semi-trailer cattle truck, driven by one William Smith of Pipestone, Minnesota, with such force that it was rammed under the trailer-box of the farm vehicle.

By the time an ambulance could transport the victims to the hospital at Pipestone the boy and girl were already breathing their last. Life fled their "badly broken" bodies within a few minutes. Of the three other occupants of the death car, two were placed on the critical list.

This tragedy occurred on the morning of July 18, 1949. It would scarcely have been noticed among the

appalling total of motor-vehicle crashes that annually take in the neighborhood of 40,000 lives, save for one thing.

The young man was Vincent Foster, stormy petrel of welterweight boxing, a youth who many believed was a devil and saint rolled in to one.

In his brief and turbulent career he had been a bum, a drunkard, a heart-breaker with the girls, a near-great fighter in one ring appearance and a miserable flop in the next—and also, incredibly, a Bible-quoting evangelist of the hell-fire-and-damnation school plus—so it was charged—a rapist by force.

Surely few have lived such twisted, dramatic, paradoxical lives in so few years! Who—and what—was Vincent Foster? Monster, saint struggling to overcome the demon within himself, phony who defied God by exploiting religion to increase his box-office drawing power in the fight racket—or a strange mixture of all three?

To even begin to understand Vince Foster, we must go back to the beginning. This boy—who was to earn \$50,000 in the boxing ring in the first few months of 1949 alone—was born on August 17, 1926, in a two-room plank and tarpaper shack on the reed-choked banks of the Missouri River, in the village of Rolu, Nebraska.

His father was a poorly paid itinerant laborer of Irish, Scotch and French ancestry; his mother was a



Fusari connected, and Vince went down again.



He preached in churches and Sunday Schools.

pure-blooded Iowa Indian. Grinding poverty was the lot of the entire family, and it was a large one—there were 10 children in all.

**A**T an early age, young Vince discovered the uncommon dynamite in his slogging fists. Like many other underprivileged children, his favorite playground was the neighborhood streets and alleys. His sallow complexion and lank hair, combined with his almost baby face, sometimes evoked the latent cruelty in older boys who took sadistic pleasure in picking on the "half-breed Indian"—and young Vince had to defend himself or be whipped unmercifully.

By the time he was 14, he was strong enough to whale the tar out of much bigger boys, and they learned to respect him—for when he hit them they went down, and stayed down.

When he became 16, Vince was enrolled in Haskell Indian Institute at Lawrence, Kansas, where his lethal wallop won him a place on the boxing team. Some of the Indians were pretty rugged scrappers, even though young, and arrangements were made for the Haskell team to appear on the amateur card at the Army's Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth.

Vince drew a swarthy Italian-American who was considerably heavier and older than his opponent. In a terrific slugging match—in which both fighters

(Continued on page 64)



Vince hammered Tony Pellone to the canvas.



A double handful is three tiny shrunken heads. These were once heads of living human bodies.

# HE TRADES IN HUMAN SHRUNKEN HEADS



Burland says only blonde girls have urge to hold tiny heads, stroke hair.





Head of Father Michael, missionary who met a tragic end in Ecuador jungles.

By LOU REESE

**G**RAYDON BURLAND, of Miami, Florida, trades in human heads. The heads were once cut from living bodies and shrunk to tiny proportions by the savage Jivaro Indians of the jungle wilds of Ecuador, in South America. Burland values his heads at from \$150 to \$1,450 each, based on their perfection in retaining the original features in proportion. Since Ecuador will allow no more to be exported, nor will the U. S. allow them to be imported, the heads are becoming scarce as scientific curiosities, and their value is increasing. The shrinking process used by the Jivaros starts with a recently severed head before rigor mortis sets in. An Indian, on beheading an enemy, cuts the base of the neck to the crown back of head to remove the skull. The eyes are pinned, the mouth sewed and the head cleaned of fleshy matter into this bag-like affair, hot sand is poured daily for six weeks to dehydrate the skin. Process is finished off with a powerful but still unknown (to whites) astringent.



Blonde holds tiny head, strokes hair.

# SPIRIT CURSE OF THE LOST FRENCHMAN'S GOLD

By LYNDON RIPLEY

Somewhere on the eastern slopes of the Siskiyou Mountains in Southern Oregon, near Latitude 42° 10' and Longitude 123° 50', you might find your fortune!



The country is still rough. Gold seekers must bring in everything they'll need by pack horses.

**G**OLD is sometimes cursed stuff. There are many old timers who swear that the richest veins, sands and quartz deposits have the curses of dead men placed upon them. They contend that a hopeful prospector can search in vain all his life, after finding a sample of the precious raw metal.

Until the day that he leaves this mortal vale, he remains obsessed with the dream of riches that he once found—and lost. This was es-

pecially true in the case of Louis E. Beifils, the French watchmaker, about whom many tales are still being told on the Pacific Coast.

His son, Dr. J. A. Beifils, until his recent death a dentist in Eureka, California, vouched for the fact that his dad found an Oregon bonanza in quartz, then spent the remainder of his life trying to locate it again. The Doctor also tried—in fact dozens of prospectors have searched the hills—and has never found the lost Frenchman's lode.

**Y**ET, it is there. It still lies in rough Southern Oregon country somewhere between Latitude 42° 10' and 42° 30', and Longitude 123° 40' and 123° 50'. It is there, because at nearby Pocket Knoll over two million dollars worth of gold has been taken out of rocky mountain pockets. At Tennessee Gulch, not so far away either, over a million dollars in placered gold has been removed.

Other similar spots in the vicinity—Lightning Gulch, Baby Foot Creek, Mud Springs, Free And Easy Pass, to name a few—have each produced 10,000 to 50,000 dollars worth of gold. It has been removed by placering, panning and quartz reduction.

All through this part of the country there are precious metals in the upheaved rock formations—gold, silver, copper, manganese and hush-hush metals mined for atomic bomb creation.

The Beifils "lucky spot," with its fortune in wire gold quartz, awaits some modern day adventurer who is more fortunate than those who have gone before him.

Yes, the gold is there, shimmering through various kinds of mountain weather, somewhere on the eastern slope of the Siskiyou Mountains. All you have to do is go and find it, for you've been given the correct and almost exact spot where it is located.

The only catch is that it isn't easy to find. You have to pack in, fight heat and sometimes lack of water, struggle up and down wooded, ragged country. The country is still as rough and raw as it was back in 1855, when Lou Beifils found the piece of amazingly rich quartz—then ducked an Indian arrow and fled for his life.

**I**T was a sunny May morning when young Lou—then about 24 years old—set out from Sailor's Diggings, a pioneer settlement that is today called Waldo, Oregon. He was astride Katinka, his plodding little burro, and trailed Spooner, her pack companion, on a rope.

Lou had finished repairing watches belonging to local miners and

had plenty of money left over after buying supplies for the trip over the ridge to Fort Dick. Soon he would be getting back to Jackson City—now Jacksonville—near Medford. There was more watch fixing to do just across the mountains.

The trip, up to the 3000 foot crest, where Josephine County bordered on Curry, proved uneventful. He went down the west slope of the Siskiyou toward the Pacific, following the trail that meandered close to what is now the California Oregon state line. Taking a more southerly direction, he finally reached the settlement of Fort Dick, near the Pacific Coast.

Here he repaired watches and clocks, fixed jewelry hairrooms.

In about two weeks Lou wound up available repair business at the Fort. After buying more supplies, he started out again. This time he took a more northerly trail, for he intended to by-pass Sailor's Digging, hit for what is now called Karby, in the flat near Tennessee Pass, then out north to Applegate.

Late the first afternoon he made camp. The burros seemed glad to stop, have saddles removed, to quench their thirst and graze.

Lou was up early the next morning. He stowed a quick breakfast under his belt, then was on his way.

In less than an hour, he topped a rise and reached a small clearing. Off to the northeast, he could see wooded ridges. Nearer at hand, he made out the hunched bulks of the Tennessee and Josephine Mountains.

Here on the high ridge, there was a deep, cathedral stillness. Lou glanced back and jerked Spooney's lead rope. He was looking up idly at a circling buzzard, when Katinka stopped short. Lou almost sprawled over the long ears.

He noted then that the burro was staring intently at a clump of bushes near some pines. Lou listened, too. Little Katinka was like a watchdog when it came to scenting danger.

Lou half turned and glanced back at his pack animal. In that brief moment of time something whished past his ear and thudded into a tree beside him. His startled eyes beheld a feather-tipped arrow, still quivering, its triangular tip half buried in the bark.

For a moment he was numb with surprise.

"Indian! Indian!" Lou cried then, in the redskin jargon that he thought would be understood. "White man Indian friend!"

When there was no movement and no response, Lou made up his



Louis E. Baile as he looked in the 1890's.

mind in a hurry. He pounded his heels against his burro's ribs, urging her to fly if she could.

**F**INALLY, after what seemed miles of headlong flight, Lou reined up his lathered, panting burro. Glancing back, he discovered that Spooney had alighted his halter and had gone off on a tangent of his own.

Lou tried to calm his fear. He wanted to go back and get the pack burro, for almost all his duffle was on the rugged saddle. The redskins, however, were too close.

At that point he tried to figure out where he was. In his wild dash along the ridge and down through mountain brush and heavy timber, he had left the trail behind. Now,

in order to find it again, he'd have to go back. And to go back . . .

Lou set out north again, with the sun rising to his right. Coming to the top of a small rise, he looked back and decided immediately that he had been wise in hurrying on. He glimpsed three buckskin-clad savages who were boldly following along behind.

Now definitely sure that he would be trailed, Lou kept going north and east, around canyons when possible, up along cliff edges, down through streams he had never seen before.

All that day the young Frenchman kept pressing on. Nor did he stop when dusk fell. All night he kept doggedly plodding into strange

(Continued on page 70)

The shameful death of a proud sailing vessel was staged just to amuse the thrill-hungry crowd. Innocent animals were sacrificed for the same reason

# THE SHIP THAT WENT OVER THE FALLS

By DOUGLAS INGELLS

ONE day, a little over a century ago, the French acrobat Blondin stood with a group of friends on the high banks of the Niagara River and saw for the first time the crashing, turbulent Queen of Wonders—Niagara Falls.

He looked first in awe and bewilderment at the thundering white sheet and the whirlpools below. Then there was a glint in his eye. Blondin saw something others had never seen before: in this natural wonder there was a way to glory, money and fame.

He turned to one of the men with him. "What a splendid place," he said, "for a tight-rope performance."

A few years later, he was back at the same spot. An immense crowd had gathered to witness his attempt to cross over the turbulent rapids and Falls on a high wire, the realization of his idea. They saw Blondin balance himself on a wire strung across the Falls, a thousand feet above the boiling waters. Men watched nervously, and women fainted.

Blondin stopped half way across and took a drink of water. The spectators screamed and shouted when he danced, waved his arms, did a somersault. When it was all over they made him a national figure, a headline notoriety and the topic of the hour.

It was the beginning of a new era. Ever since the Falls have been a challenge to many dare-devil and adventurers whose attempts at similar feats are a part of American history, revealing traits of American society.

Tight rope specialists made the stunt a common-place show. A dog sealed in a barrel and put in the roaring rapids caused a Congressional investigation. A woman in a barrel lost her life in the attempt, while one man, going over in a sealed drum, like Blondin, achieved national hero worship.

"Niagara," observed one citizen, "became America's greatest sideshow in a century of pranksters and cranks."

But the strangest exploit of all concerns the shameful death of a ship, the schooner *Michigan*. She was the

pride of the lakes, the finest, largest ship built for inland waters up to her period.

A shipwright named Sneed, who came over from Scotland to help build America's inland fleet, constructed *The Michigan* in 1816 in the busy, bustling shipyard port of Black Rock on Lake Erie.

The ship was a thing of beauty, a double topsail schooner with trim lines that matched any of the Atlantic schooners which were plying between New York and London. She was outfitted with luxurious cabin furnishings. Immigrants crowded her staterooms and steerage in a mad rush to the prospering lake ports.

"If ever a ship helped to open up a frontier," said Oliver Newberry one of the midwest empire builders, "it was the big schooner *Michigan*."

For eleven years, *The Michigan* plied the lake waters between Buffalo-Detroit-Chicago. She braved winter storms to bring supplies to a stranded party of fishermen near Mackinac Island. She hauled troops to a Wisconsin outpost to help squelch one of the last Indian uprisings.





The proud ship plunged to its doom.

It was *The Michigan* that brought one of the first boatloads of wheat out of the Chicago port and carried the first livestock from Chicago to Detroit—opening the way for the Windy City's great export trade.

She was the fastest thing on the Lakes. Her owners Bill, Thompson & Company, boasted she could beat anything with sails. Her rugged, tough Captain James Rough proved it when she raced the schooner *Illinois* through a violent storm from Detroit to Buffalo.

Unfortunately her fate was not fitting her fame.

The steamers came. The schooners folded their sails. One of the last to go, *The Michigan* was sold to an Amusement Company in Buffalo.

SO it was that on a summer day in 1827 unusual goings on were observed at the port of Buffalo along the river bank near the roaring Falls. A strange cargo was put aboard the old ship. Men led a frightened Arabian camel up the gangplank, tied the animal to one of the masts. A big black bear in chains was put in a nearby stall.

Dogs of virtually every known variety yelped and

barked as workmen put them at spots aboard the ship and tied them from freedom.

In addition there were dozens of geese, swan, ducks, chickens, hawks and other birds screeching and screaming as they were thrown together inside the now bare cabin.

*The Michigan*, once pride of the lakes became a 19th century Noah's Ark.

For the animals she was a death ship. All of this was another stunt. Thousands (estimated at 100,000 people) jammed the shorelines to watch *The Michigan* on its final voyage—a trip over the Falls!

Captain Rough and his crew boarded the ship amid a great fan-fare and barkers' hullabaloo. The sideshow act began. The ship moved slowly out into the center of the river, pointed her prow toward the Falls.

(Several of the dogs broke loose and caused a commotion on deck before the men could throw them overboard in the swirling waters.)

This settled, Captain Rough, himself, at the helm steered the ship toward the precipice and the abyss below.

(Continued on page 63)



Jean Wallace, Freeport, Long Island, is America's first motorboat-hop.

# IT'S A LIVING

**WHATEVER** the means by which we earn our daily bread and such necessities of life as eye whiskey, beer and aspirin, we always have the hopeful thought: There Must Be an Easier Way To Earn a Living! Well, look on these pages W. H. McGILL, 84 years old, tastes whiskey for a living for the Stitzel-Weiler Distillery, in Louisville, Kentucky. He's been working in distilleries since he was 14 years old. Well, there's a job that is a job! Or take Mariikka Rockk, of Vienna, Austria, who dances with a 10-foot python to earn a few honest dollars. There's one the average reader wouldn't care for.



Harry C. Miller cracks safes all day, legally, for Army.



W. H. McGill, 84 years old, tastes whiskey as a stillmaster at a Louisville distillery.

Marikka Roekk dances with 10-foot python in Vienna for a livelihood.



Andrew Paris has unique job introducing bubble gum to France.

Jane Morris, English 16-year-old, races motorcycles.



# Excitement

By RAMON LEE

Some men must kill the thing they love.  
Such men prowl the joyous night spots  
of the town seeking for their victims

Flamencia motioned him to follow her.

JORDAN knew he loved her the minute he saw her. He also knew he was going to kill her.

So he sat smiling lazily as he watched her dance, her hair floating out in a cloud of flame as she twisted and whirled to the tropical rhythm, or barely moved to the sensuous throb of the drums.

A blue spotlight followed her as she made her way down the cleared aisles between the tables. Whenever she came to a handsome man, she paused, and the light flowed softly over her lusciously curved, scantily clad figure. Her long eyes would narrow, her red lips smile slowly, invitingly. Then she would pass on without mixing a step or a wriggle of the dance.

Jordan leaned back in his chair, his black eyes half closed, as she drew nearer his table. He was alone, and although he had wished for company when he entered, now he was glad he had none. When she paused by his table—there was no doubt in his mind but what she would—it would be for him only.

Then she was before him, and he saw that her eyes were as black as his own. They widened ever so slightly before they narrowed. He heard her take a quick breath, and her smile when it came was tremulous and brief.

He resisted the impulse to reach out and touch her, to see if she was like those others or a much more enchanting creature of his dreams. But he would have to wait till later. Now was not the time nor place.

She reached the end of the room and disappeared through a side door. A long sigh escaped her audience. Then strident cries of, "Flamencia! Flamencia!" seemed to shake the room.

She did not return.

JORDAN beckoned to a waiter, tried to hand this man a note.

"Flamencia does not receive notes or visitors, sir."

"Does she dance again tonight?"

The waiter shook his head. "Never more than once an evening, sir."

No use trying to get any co-operation from this fellow. He evidently had had strict orders and intended to obey them. Jordan paid his check and left.

He made his way to the rear entrance of the place, stared in astonishment. Others had the same idea as he, naturally! Smearing at himself, he hurried around front again, and was just in time to see her, in a hooded cloak, step into a taxi.

Fortunately for him, another taxi was just pulling up.





# is a Woman



"Where to, sir?"

"Just follow that other taxi."

The cab driver grinned knowingly.

"It won't do you any good to follow Flamencia, sir."

"I'll decide that for myself," snapped Jordan, and the man subsided.

Flamencia's taxi stopped in front of a dignified old house in a respectable neighborhood. Jordan's taxi stopped as hers was pulling away. He threw the cab driver a ten dollar bill, caught up with her as she was entering the house.

She jerked around when he spoke her name.

"Oh!" Recognition widened her eyes. She wasn't surprised. A faint, pleased smile touched her lips.

"Come in."

He hesitated only a second. This was almost too easy.

A wide stairway ascended from the old-fashioned hall. Flamencia motioned him to follow her, laid a finger to her lips. No coquetry now. She was as solemn as if they were in church.

At the head of the stairs was another hallway, and near this end of it she fitted her key in a lock. They entered a luxuriously furnished room which evidently served as a one-room apartment.

Motioning him to sit down, she disappeared behind a painted screen of enormous proportions.

**S**HE was back in a moment, very decorously clad in a long, completely concealing robe of some heavy material. A velvet band held the flame-colored hair from her face. Although most women would have looked plain in such an outfit, it only heightened her beauty.

She sank down gracefully beside him on the divan, but refused the cigarette he offered her.

"I don't smoke," she explained. Then, "What do you want?"

She looked at him coolly when she asked it, and for a moment Jordan was baffled. She knew well enough what he wanted! Why was she pulling the innocent act on him? He could see she wasn't an inexperienced young girl, although she didn't look twenty-five yet.

Doing the dance she did, even at an exclusive place like the Congo Club, she knew men didn't follow her home just to hold hands. Maybe she thought playing hard to get made it more fun.

Trouble with him was, he had waited too long for a woman like her to waste any time stalling.

"You!" he replied. And reached for her.

She didn't try to evade him, just turned her head so that his lips fell on the velvet band in her hair. And he couldn't feel her body through that thick, bulky robe. So he couldn't tell whether her unresponsiveness was an act or the real thing.

It made him furious. The flame was there—he'd seen it, hadn't he? But how was he going to get to it?

He released her and sprang to his feet. Stood staring

(Continued on page 62)

**T**HE low murmur of male voices in the smoky, crowded room of a Philadelphia hotel suddenly stopped. All eyes focused on the ravishingly beautiful woman, as she poised on the threshold. Her gaze rested on the bruised and battered features of the big man at the far end of the room.

Curiously, the newspapermen present awaited developments. All had cynically followed her well-publicized train trip from the West

Coast to meet this battered up fellow. She swept to the injured man's side, took his bruised face tenderly in her hands and asked solicitously—"What happened?"

The big man forced a wry smile to his swollen lips. Then with an effort, he gave her the famous reply that will forever endear him to sports fans: "Honey, I forgot to duck."

Thus, Jack Dempsey, after his defeat and the loss of his heavy-

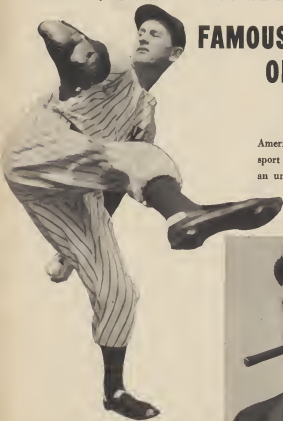
weight boxing crown to Gene Tunney on that hot, humid evening of September 23, 1925, made the answer to his movie-actress wife, Estelle Taylor, that overnight changed him from a far from popular figure of the sports world to his present height and the almost reverend respect he holds in the affections of the fans the world over.

In the world of sports, there have been many utterances by famous athletes and sportmen, some im-

## FAMOUS WISECRACKS OF SPORT

By TOM NORTON

America's colorful personalities of sport have been the authors of many an undying piece of wit or wisdom



The words of Lefty Gomez (left) and the late Joe Jacobs made history.

## SPORT

pulsive, some sarcastic, some with unconscious philosophy, that like folk tales of yore, come back to plague or enhance the glory of their authors with each repetition.

In contrast to Dempsey's happy rejoinder, here's an example of the opposite effect of a remark on the fortunes of its originator:

The solemn-faced but brilliant Bill Terry, ex-manager and first baseman of the New York Giants, in a thoughtless moment once made a crack that will probably haunt him to the end of his days.

In 1934, Bill's Giants led the National League on Labor Day with a seven game margin. It looked like a repeat performance of his pennant-winning 1933 club. Then with exhaustion creeping up from the sustained efforts, the New Yorkers lost twelve of their last twenty-two contests, while the Gas House Gang from St. Louis, in second place, won twenty-one of the final twenty-eight games.

Came the last two set-tos of the season, and the Terrymen's lead had vanished completely. To make matters worse, the final two contests were with their hated rivals from Brooklyn.

Like an invading enemy horde, the always rabid Dodger rooters swarmed across the bridges from Brooklyn. But in these final contests both players and supporters from Daffyville really gave with an A-plus for effort. When the combatants had taken their last showers of the season, the Giants had lost both games while the Cards breasted into the pennant by coping their final two against Cincinnati.

Earlier that winter, Terry, in an interview with sports writers at the Polo Grounds headquarters had furnished his traditional enemy with the slogan that was probably responsible for the Giants' debacle of 1934. For all through the two games, Bill's sarcastic crack thundered across the diamond, echoed throughout the crowded stands and seared into the brain of the players—"Brooklyn? Are they still in the National League?"

OUR national pestime abounds in lads who made with the wise-cracks that have stood the test of time.

A player who was the direct antithesis of the stern-visaged Terry and one of the Laughing Boys of the diamond sport, was the New York Yankees' always inimitable Lefty Gomez, sometime known as



Jack Dempsey's answer to Estelle Taylor will never die.

the Goofy Castilian.

The merry witticisms uttered by this zany but expert hurler from Frisco would gladden the heart of a Milton Berle. Of the multitude of quips credited to El Goofus, one stands out in our memory. Commenting on his lack of speed as he neared the end of his big-league career, Lefty tongue-in-cheeked; "I throw as hard as I ever did, but it doesn't go as fast."

Then there's "Wee Willie" Keeler, the greatest place hitter of all time. Wee Willie was five feet, four inches tall and weighed one hundred forty pounds during his tenure in the big time at the turn of the century. This diminutive player's keenness of sight would shame even the famed visionary powers of the

eagle and the hawk.

Keeler once went seven hundred times to bat without a single strike-out. With all the nation interested at that time in the manner and methods used by this Lilliputian master of scientific swatting, a baseball scribe requested a few words on how he got that way. Wee Willie wrinkled his brow in thought. The reporter eagerly awaited the pearls of wisdom from the oracle's lips. Then came the profound reply that still rates as a classic in baseball parlance—"I hit 'em where they ain't."

Another likeable athlete who rates with Dempsey when it comes to popularity by the remembering sports followers, is Walter Hagen.

(Continued on page 66)



In Siam today, the people bet on fish fight results.

# SIAMESE FIGHTING FISH

By BRIAN McLEAN

Fortunes are lost and won, as these finny warriors battle to the death

**T**HROUGHOUT the Far East, torn with civil strife, people don't know or care very much what tomorrow will bring. A veritable craze of gambling has taken over rich and poor alike. Ancient and traditional sports which have not stirred the imagination of the people for centuries are revived.

Take, for instance, Siam. There today the masses crowd around small, square water tanks. You will find these tanks in the cheapest gambling dens and in the most expensive clubs. Enormous sums are bet day and night on fighting fish!

Incidentally, these piscatorial battlers support a small but thriving group of fish breeders and sellers.

## ARTICLE

The royal house of Siam has always obtained an appreciable income from the licenses which it grants for the public fish fights. These licensed centers of betting and fighting are scattered all over the country. You can find them in the crowded, smelly, and very colorful capital, Bangkok. You can find them, too, in the remote provinces, where even poor farmers have been carried away by the gambling craze.

Most of the gambling dens are not run for wealthy people. The bets in these places range from 10 ticals to 100 ticals per fight, 1 tical equalling about 80 cents.

To the American race-track bettor, these may seem like trivial amounts. But it must be remembered that the average Siamese lives on very few dollars a week. Besides, enthusiasts often bet on many fights in a single day. On private matches much larger sums are staked, sometimes running as high as \$20,000.

**Y**OU have heard of fighting cocks and fighting crickets, perhaps. But fighting fish? You no doubt think that fish are cold-blooded creatures, dull and lacking emotion.

The Siamese fighting fish are unusual. The males are always ready to fight any other of their own kind. They have all the qualities of pugnacious he-men.

In fact, these fish are so belligerent that a male confined by himself will fly into a terrible rage when a mirror is held against the side of his tank. At the sight of his image, he expands his gills and darts around with an extremely tough look on his face.

Even females are not safe with these scrappy males, except at breeding time, and, sometimes, not even then.

Before the fight, the spectators go around and study each of the fish with the eyes of connoisseurs, even as the American bettors before the race compare the merits of the different horses. The bets are then placed. The two male fish are brought together in a glass tank in the center of a crowded circle of restless and eager bettors. And the fight begins.

The fish quickly come to close quarters, while expanding their fins and gills and displaying the gorgeous red, blue, and green shades which have made these Siamese fighters famous. They approach one another quietly. Often they remain side by side for ten to fifteen seconds or longer without action. Then, suddenly, they launch a wild and fierce attack, almost too swift for their audience to follow.

They keep repeating this sequence at short intervals for the rest of the fight. As their fierce assaults continue, their fins become mutilated. Parts of the fins fall off the body, and they begin to look more and more ragged. Once in a while, the fish vary things by locking jaws and slaying that way for a few minutes. Sometimes, they attack each other's gills. And, then, blood starts pouring into the tank.

If one fish kills the other, the survivor is automatically considered the victor—but usually the conditions of the fight prevent things from happening this way.

Generally, that fish is declared the winner which is ready to continue to fight while its opponent is no longer eager for the combat and tries to avoid coming to close quarters. The audience starts to jeer at the cowering fish. And soon the winnings are distributed.

It is really remarkable what effect special breeding and cultivation have had on the Siamese fighting fish. Wild males will readily fight in captivity as soon as they become a little accustomed to their surroundings, say in two or three days. Still, they lack stamina and rarely continue their attacks for more than fifteen minutes. Usually they quit much sooner.

Cultivated fish that do not fight actively for at least an hour are considered failures. The best stock will continue to attack up to six hours.

If you want to see how these fighting fish look, you may now do so. Since 1927, they have been brought to our aquariums from Siam in large numbers. These fish, which are called *Betta splendens* by scientists, have under American care become very beautiful. In Siam, they don't care what the fish looks like. They are interested only in their fighting qualities.

In this country, though, the fish have been artificially bred, so that they now have beautiful, long-flowing fins, as large as the body which bears them. They have become famous for their gorgeous coloring and for their extraordinary, spectacular beauty.

Their colors now range from red, blue, and green to lavender and orchid. Although these colors appear in a surprisingly large number of shades and variations, almost all of the fish still hold to the original drooping, fiery red fins.

Culture breeders talk of the different pedigrees of the fish in the same manner that dog fanciers talk of pedigrees at the kennel shows.

These fish are about two inches long when full grown. Their best appearance and strength come between ten months and two years of age. After that time, they age rapidly.

**T**HE male *Betta's* twin interests in life are fighting and breeding. He indulges in both with great enthusiasm and vigor. He is not only unusual for his ferocity and his extraordinary appearance. His method of breeding is unlike that of most other fish.

When a male starts building a nest of bubbles, even in a small way, it shows that he is about ready for breeding. The bubbles are formed by the male as he comes to the surface. He draws a little air into his mouth and envelopes it in a film-like saliva. The air globule, when released, naturally floats to the surface. Long repetition of this act piles up what looks like a small mound of very fine soap bubbles.

A female Siamese fighting fish is then brought in contact with the male. The courting is conducted by

a grand spreading of fins, first by the male, whose appearance at this time is at its brightest, then by the female, if his pleas is successful.

The male is often impatient. After the nest of bubbles is built, he drives the female towards it. If she is not ready for spawning, her response will be slow. He is liable to attack her then, tearing her fins, or perhaps killing her outright with a single head-on blow delivered against her side.

Usually, though, the courtship is successful. As the pair swim with snake-like movements, the female follows her mate to a position just below the prepared nest. The male *Betta* bends his body into a crescent which encircles her. As they slowly sink through the water and roll over, she drops several eggs which are immediately fertilized during the male's embrace.

He releases himself and picks up the eggs in his mouth. Enclosing them in a bubble, he floats them upward into the nest. He keeps repeating this entire act for perhaps an hour.

At the end of this time, there may be anywhere from 100 to 6000 eggs in the nest. It is then that the male asserts his rights as a father. Assuming full charge of the nest, he drives the female to the farthest limits of the aquarium. The female is then removed by the aquarium keeper, for once again she is in great danger of being killed.

**W**ITH the eggs in the nest, the male works harder than ever to produce bubbles, for the old ones are gradually bursting. In about two days, the eggs hatch. At first they are tiny specks in the midst of the foam and are quite helpless.

Their vigilant father watches them continuously, however, ever alert and willing to give his life in their defense. Gradually they gain their balance and learn to move about on their own.

Somewhat after a week, the Siamese fighting fish father considers his work done. He now believes that the young should be able to protect themselves. In fact, he holds to this idea so thoroughly that he is liable to start eating them himself.

THE END

A sheet of glass separates these fish, lest they tear each other to bits.



FICTION



# *International*



# Incident

By BEN H. BALDWIN

A fearful fantasy of the future, which, unfortunately, is far from impossible!

THIS inevitable happened on a cold afternoon in November of 1963. The United Nations was in session at its skyscraper headquarters in New York along the East River. World War II had slunk into the past. But in 15 years, the friction between East and West had reached a point of intensity far beyond the danger zone.

People no longer talked of winning the peace as they had in 1945. It was a question of how soon the break would come.

The lines were clearly drawn. The West, led by the United States and Great Britain, was determined to stop the Soviet Union which, by this time, had secured control of all China. It was believed with reasonable certainty that Russia's next move would be to capture southeast Asia.

Russia was ready at last to show her strength, and the Western Allies were ready to meet force with force.

The Communists had repeatedly capitalized on the reluctance of the democracies to fire the first guided

missile. But the flagrant expansion of Russian military strength coupled with the recurrent arrogance of Andrei Gromyko's explosive walk-outs had aroused stiff popular resentment on both sides of the Atlantic. More than occasional demonstrations called for an outright break with Russia. Bitter denunciations of the "peace without honor" were sweeping the United States.

In 1968, the chief executive had been voted power to use force whenever the safety of the nation demanded. The Department of Defense had prepared for any eventuality. Overwhelming power could be released at a signal from the President at the White House.

ONE possibility remained by which the impending clash could be avoided. The United Nations was discussing a proposal which would give complete and final control over all military forces of all nations to a U.N. Executive Police Commission. The proposal

(Continued on page 60)

*nicolax*

# SHARK ISLAND ALCATRAZ

By KURT SEVERIN

This prison has no walls. But convicts who try to escape are torn to bloody bits by voracious sharks, forever on guard

A PHILOSOPHER once said: "If it were not for prison walls, our society would be in chaos . . ." That man certainly had trust in prison walls and their effect on human behavior. But I could take him to a little island belonging to one of the Central American republics and make him revise his slogan, be-

cause on that tiny tropical spot he would find himself among the worst of criminals.

Though they are practically all killers, there is not even an attempt at a wall in sight—rather, a beautiful and unhampered view of the mainland only a short distance away. And all the desperate characters around him would have only one thought in mind: to get to the mainland as fast as possible.

That they don't rush to the beaches and try to swim across that small water that separates them from freedom has its good reason—sharks.

People hate sharks and people hate criminals. To bring them both into one easy working formula was the problem of that southern government. They solved it with a decided eye for economic advantages. On San Lukas, expenses for big walls and fences and guard



This convict tried escape, but was mangled by a shark.





The mainland and freedom are only a short distance away.

personnel have been limited to a minimum, thanks to the sharks—civil service employees sans payroll.

Headed by a warden, a few sad-looking ex-soldiers pose as guards and see to it that the rules of the "house" are observed—that killers don't kill each other, that a certain amount of field and maintenance work is done. The rest is up to their under-water colleagues.

San Lukas impressed me as a tropical paradise in which society keeps some of its unruly children. Though the majority of the inmates are convicted murderers (there is no capital punishment in the republic)—their treatment is liberal and humane.

If you spent some time on San Lukas you would find, however, that its character does not vary much from that of other "Big Houses." There is the same kind of human misery, the same longing for freedom and for sex, the same fights, chiseling and jealousy and the same obsession to escape.

To find out about escapes was my first goal when I set out to get a story on the place. I timed my initial interview with the need for a shave. Squeezed into a primitive chair, I found a tough-looking man named Benito Cruz looking down at me, his ugly face framed by a self-made sunshade.

I got a smooth shave, perhaps the best shave I had anywhere in these longitudes. I thought the proper approach for a little talk would be the conventional inquiry of this particular region.

"How long are you to be on the island?"

"Por toda la via, (for the rest of my life)" answered Benito.

"That's quite a stretch. You must have cut somebody's throat," I answered uneasily.

Without so much as stopping his blade for a second, Benito said with unshakable pride:

"Somebody's throat? Señor, I am recognized for having cut at least half a dozen throats. I never was a barber outside, but ever since I can remember I was handy with a blade. What's the matter, Señor, you sick? Oh, don't worry, I never cut throats unless I am

pretty drunk or mad at somebody for something."

I made a mental note to grow a beard for the rest of my stay on the island and with a hasty, "Thanks, Benito, hope to see you soon," I was out of the chair, cutting the interview short.

Benito smiled slyly: "You never know, Señor, when that will be. Maybe tomorrow I shall be gone, weather and tiburones (sharks) permitting."

"Are you thinking of escaping?"

"Who doesn't, Señor? We all do."

MY talk with Warden Manuel Averra, whose guest I was, confirmed the fact that most prisoners think mainly of the sharks and how to avoid them while escaping from the island.

"I guess like anywhere in the world, men robbed of their freedom are obsessed with the idea of regaining it. Convicts hatch plots continuously, they brag about their plans. They even blueprint uprisings and large-scale breaks—all hinging on their capturing the boat that comes twice a week with provisions and visitors. There is a good reason why we don't keep boats around here. They would be the only safe way for the convicts ever to reach the mainland in one piece."

In answer to my next question concerning successful escapes, Averra replied with a wise smile:

"This place was opened in 1873. But in all these 75 years I cannot find one single record of an accomplished escape."

"Convicts vanish every year, but usually their bodies or parts of them or some pieces of bloody garments washed ashore are enough to close the files on them. Some manage to get back to the island here, crippled for the rest of their lives, and others undergo so horrifying experiences with the sharks that they become psychopathic cases and cause a lot of trouble among the men."

"There was one prisoner, however, who completed the vanishing act to the satisfaction of the legend. His name was Gomez. He had terrorized the coastal

(Continued on page 68)

# ARE American GIRLS MORE



20-year-old, pretty Yvonne Viséus, of Paris, France.



Ornella Zamparetti, belle of Bologna, Italy.



Betty Koepke, a beauty from Brazil, South America.



Inge Loewenstein, chosen Miss Germany of 1949.

# Beautiful?

MAN to man, are American girls more lovely, more desirable than girls from foreign shores? Many former G.I.'s have seen women from many different countries. Some have married them. Here we picture some overseas sweeties, compared to a typical American beauty contest winner. You look at the pictures and you be the judge.



Film star Hazel Court, of London, England.



But our own choice is this American lovely.



Engine crews frequently compare their watches, take pride in their accuracy.

# THE COUNTRY'S BUSIEST CLOCK WATCHERS

By WILLIAM R. KREH

Your life may hang on the accuracy  
of some railroad man's timepiece . . .

**A** RAILROAD engineer's watch running three minutes slow resulted in a train wreck which saved many lives!

This may sound strange, but it's true. For although 11 persons were killed in the collision, it was the catastrophe which awoke the railroad industry to the fact that correct time is as important in running a railroad as are tracks, locomotives, roundhouses and switches.

The accident occurred on an Eastern railroad in 1832, when an East-bound train ran head-on into a

West-bound train. Evidence brought out at the official inquiry proved that the collision could have been avoided if the engineer's watch had not been three minutes slow!

Immediately following the wreck, the country's railroads called upon the late Webb C. Ball, a nationally known expert on watches, to set up a system which would prevent further accidents of this nature. This system, which is still in use, is based on the regular inspection of railroad timepieces which must all meet strict requirements.

Almost all watch inspection for railroads in the United States today is handled by the Ball Railroad Time Service, which was founded by Webb Ball and put into use following the disastrous train wreck. It was used first on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, now a part of the New York Central.

Watch inspectors are appointed by the Ball Company, with the approval of the individual railroads. They are usually local jewelers whose activities are supervised by the Ball firm.

## ARTICLE

**L**AST year, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad had 34 of these watch inspectors, Pere Marquette 42, and the Nickel Plate, 49. Although the Union Pacific employs no watch inspectors, company officials inspect employees' watches in the same manner as that used in the Ball system.

Each employee of a railroad operating under the Ball inspection system is required to carry a "card certificate," which shows the date his watch was last cleaned or repaired, and the record of monthly inspections.

At the end of a six-month period, he must turn in the card to the local watch inspector who forwards it to the District superintendent.

Failure to have a watch inspected at the close of a certain period may result in an employee being held out of service.

Before a run is started, every member of the train crew checks his watch with a standard clock at the station. The employees must remember the seconds they are fast or slow, as they are not allowed to reset their watches until inspection time.

The inspector registers the time of each watch inspected, and resets it himself. However, if an employee's timepiece is more than 30 seconds off, the inspector keeps the watch for adjustment and loans the employee a standard watch to use.

It seems, however, that even watch inspectors can lose track of time—when off duty. Washington, D.C., newspapers two years ago had a great time kidding watch inspectors for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad who were convening there. The meeting was scheduled for 2:00 P.M. It started at 2:05!

Although under the regulations, a watch is allowed a variance of not more than 30 seconds, most of them fluctuate much less. The record for railroad watches is held by a 23-jewel "Horad" watch owned by an employee of the Nickel Plate Road. From June 10, 1939, until December 15, 1940, by actual test this watch varied only five seconds!

The other requirements for a standard railroad watch, though varying a little with each company, usually stipulate the use of a pocket watch with an open face. (Wrist watches are not allowed to be worn by railroad men while on duty). It must have Arabic numerals, stem winding at 12, lever set, micrometer regulator, double roller escapement, 21 or more jewels, dustproof case, and adjusted to five positions.

**A**N early problem of railroad watchmakers was how to keep the jar of a locomotive from causing the escapement to cease functioning and stopping the movement. Webb Ball solved this by adding a safety or guard roller to the watch escapement.

The latest development in railroad watches was brought on by the advent of electric locomotives over the nation's 229,600 miles of railroads. Operators of these electric engines use a special watch which contains an Invar non-magnetic steel hairspring and mono-metallic solid balance wheel, which will not assimilate electricity or change rate under the most extreme atmospheric conditions.

As to be expected, railroad men always take great pride in the accuracy of their watches and check them frequently with each other. A favorite story of railroad men has to do with a bashful young man from Indiana who took a job as coach in a Tennessee University, despite the bloody tales he had heard about mountain feudin'. He got off the train and was talk-



Conductor's timepiece must match that of engineer.

ing to some of his fans who had come to welcome him, when the 12 o'clock noon whistle blew. Fifteen or 20 railroad men reached for their pockets, and the timid Hooser, certain the feudin' had begun, dived for cover. The trainmen took out their watches and, almost in unison, peacefully stated: "They'd better get somebody else to pull that thing. Jake is two seconds slow!"

THE END

FICTION

# *The HOUR*



*nicolai*

"The time was twenty-seven after nine when my revengeful fingers closed about the fleshy throat of Merlin Wylkes."

# of DEATH

By JOHN THOMAS URWIN

He killed with thoroughness, but his plan called for more than death!

THE time was twenty-seven after nine when my revengeful fingers closed about the fleshy throat of Martin Wykes. I noticed that, not because I was as calm as I had planned to be, but simply because as I slammed him against the mantel of his own fireplace the clock there said twenty-seven after nine.

And Martin Wykes was dying by my hand.

In spite of wealth and influence, and the luck that rogues and scoundrels sometimes have, he would not bear the half-hour strike.

He struggled. Yes; he struggled hard, at first with purpose, straining strength for strength against my wrists, and then more wildly, so that his flailing legs dislodged the neat pile of birch logs on the cold ashes of the fireplace.

And Martin Wykes knew why he was dying. How well aware he was that he was paying for the wrong that he had done me was stark and naked in his glazing eyes. This was his time to settle; and in a man not unacquainted with the violence of murder, he may have realized, even admired the thoroughness and care with which my fingers constricted his trachea well below the brittle larynx. Oh, there was need for care. I had to kill him, but only in the way I chose that he should die. It worked out well.

One last, all-knowing moment of consciousness he had, then Martin Wykes was dead. The purple face was dead. The weight of the slack body as it folded onto the cold field-stone of the hearth was dead weight. Even his clothes looked dead.

THE clock of the late Martin Wykes struck half-past nine.

It was the stillness afterwards that frightened me. I'm sure the clock kept ticking, though I did not hear it then. There must have been a host of other little noises that every house possesses, creak of floor, ping of water-pipe, or the faint, surprised gasp of an unseen refrigerator, but I heard nothing. The foreign, awful stillness made me lose my head for just a moment, and I was three steps from the door and flight when I checked my motion with pure will.

The most important thing was yet undone.

What point to murder Martin Wykes with such patient planning if I, myself, were to be the victim of that impersonal thing called Law, or Justice? What point, indeed, if Martin Wykes, listening in Hell, perhaps, should hear some judge intone to me the phrase, —hanged by the neck until dead!

I had killed with thoroughness and some pleasure. Looking down upon the thing that had been my enemy, I allowed myself the full satisfaction of revenge for the few seconds I had to spare before I knew I had to act.

Then, kneeling, I pulled the body from its harsh resting-place to the rich pad of the thick rug. Swiftly then, and with practiced sureness I disposed the limbs

and torso just so, the head turned a little, cheek on pillowing arm, the mouth clear, everything ready for the breath I intended to force back into this creature and so escape the consequences of my murder.

I WORKED with controlled fierceness, not for Martin Wykes, but for myself. So much pressure on the ribs, held just so long, so much time to fling back upon my own haunches, a little time elapsed, just exactly so much, then forward again and pressure once more—release, rest, press—off!

—off!

—off!

The clock struck some kind of time.

—off!

Suppose I couldn't revive this frightfully still hulk. Whose was the revenge then?

Rest, forward, press—off!

In this State, did they still hang people? Gas? Electrocution?

—off!

I began to be aware of the clock, not because I heard it, but because I saw, in the intervals of rest, its short pendulum move precisely, one full swing, I tried to keep my eyes from seeing the time. I didn't want to learn how long I had been working. I didn't want to know about elapsed minutes. Time gone by meant weariness; and I couldn't weary. I tried to remember all I knew about resuscitation. How long had they worked on that boy in last summer's beach accident? Two hours?

But there were three life-guards then, and finally a pullmotor. Still, McElvery and I, as volunteer firemen, had worked longer than that in relays once; and the girl had come around fine. But I was alone, now, and I knew that maintaining the rhythm unbroken was the important thing.

Rest—forward—press—off!

One full swing of a very short pendulum.

And there was more to it than that. How careful I had been in choking Martin Wykes? That was a thing to try to remember now, or to forget. But I had to recall if I could, just how I had placed my hands, just where the throttling pressure had been, just where the right amount of support to leave the trachea not too badly damaged. Superficially, the bruises which now began faintly to show on his throat were in the right places. But beneath that, what?

Furthermore, when exactly did a man die? Was there a place in the descending graph of vitality where the line broke sharply downward into death? Certainly there seemed less warmth now in the flesh beneath my hands, less resilience in the thighs I bestowed.

Then I heard the clock's single tone and knew that Martin Wykes had been dead for just one hour.

There was no use trying not to know about time, so

(Continued on page 63)

**MAN TO MAN,**

# *She's A Sweetheart*

**W**E present on these pages, Dona Dean, a young Glamazon of 22. She's 5 feet, 10 inches tall, weighs 132 pounds. She has a 36 bust, 26 inch waist 36 inch hips, blue eyes and golden blonde hair. She has been a professional model since she was 14 years old. She lives in Southern California where she is much in demand by photographers because of her versatility of expression and her ability to always fall into a graceful or provocative pose.

Dona has received many film offers.



Dona has golden blonde hair.



She has graceful 36 inch hips.





As model, Dona Deen is noted for versatility of expression and pose.

# HOW TO PICK LONGSHOTS THAT WIN

By WILLIAM P. McGOVERN

You'll never get rich betting on the favorites. But if you just follow these few simple rules, you may win money

**A**NYBODY can pick a few winners at the races. But maybe you, personally, are not satisfied with ordinary winners. Maybe you want to pick longshots? Perhaps you want to play longshots like the all-time classics, Jim Dandy, the 100-to-1 winner of the Travers Stakes, or Rampart the \$53.70 for

\$2 winner of the Gulfstream Handicap?

Or, maybe you would like to pick such recent longshot winners as Gallatad, \$90.00 for \$2; Killer Mac, \$125.00; Skylarker, \$76.00; Splash, \$72.50; Ataman, \$128.00; After Time, \$212.00 and Awashonka, \$190.00? It's easy—IF you have the guts to

play such horses!

Longshots do not win every day. At New York tracks, they don't even win every week. And you can't force longshots to win. All you can manage is to catch some of them when they do win.

There is about one chance in two that an even-money horse will win any race, or every race. But there is only one chance in about 115 that a 100-to-1 shot will win. (That extra 15 is the percentage of the track's legal take, plus breakage.) So you can't play longshots in every race. You must wait for certain spots.

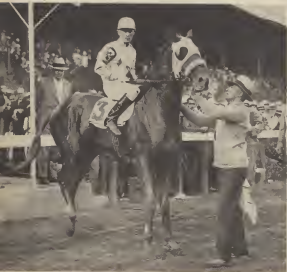
It must be fairly obvious that the public's play has to be wrong most of the time, or the racing game couldn't exist. The tracks put in no money, the jockeys put in no money and the horsemen—perish the thought—wouldn't put up a dime to see Mae West do a swan dive off the Statue of Liberty. The money for racing, as distinct from breeding, comes from the public.

Almost every idea that the betting public has about racing is wrong. None more so than the public's notions about small fields of horses. The public believes that small fields make formal races and that large fields make betting risky.

But that is exactly opposite to the facts. Small fields produce the most form upsets, the most longshot winners. So, first of all in looking for longshots, pay special attention to races with small fields, races with from three to eight starters.

Spots will come up also in races with more horses, but these small field races are most productive.

**P**ERHAPS one of the oldest plays of the cognoscenti of racing, the inner circle of professionals, is outlined by the rule: "In a three or four-horse race, always play the extreme outsider." This rule means to play the longest priced horse in a race with three starters or four starters, regardless of all other factors. The public consistently ignores this rule, even though it has been winning for 50 years in this country.



Jim Dandy, Red Baker up, 100-to-1 winner of Travers Stakes.



Rampart, Mike Basile up, wins 1948 Gulfstream Handicap to pay \$53.70 for \$2.

Stodious players will understand, of course, that no rules or methods or systems will catch all the longshots or all the winners. But the plays to be outlined here are intended to pick enough longshot winners so that the fancy payoff prices stand off the losses.

And now, let's look at one of the all-time "classics" that was picked by this most elementary longshot rule of all—the outsider in a three horse or four horse race. That classic is second only to Man-o-War's lone defeat as the most famous upset of recent decades. It occurred in the Travers Stakes of 1930 at Saratoga Springs, New York, on August 16th.

The Travers Stakes, first run in the year 1864, was the fifth race on the program that sunny afternoon

of 1930. The track was "heavy" and drying out from an overnight rain. There was \$27,050 in the purse for the winner, and two famous three year olds had been entered. They had such brilliant recent form that nobody wanted to run against them. That is to say, no other "name" horses. One of the two was Gallant Fox, who had won the Triple Crown that spring. He was the odds-on 1-to-2 favorite for the Travers.

But Whiclhone had shown great form in recent outings and he was expected to give Gallant Fox a race for the important sugar. He was 3-to-5 in the betting. Gallant Fox had Earl Sande in the saddle, and Whiclhone had Sonny Workman. Third choice in the race was Sun Falcon, an undistinguished animal entered on a whim of the late W.

S. Kilmer. He was 40-to-1 in the betting.

THE public hardly noticed, but there was one more colt in the race to round out the field of four starters. He was Jim Dandy, who was 100-to-1 in the betting. If anybody noticed him, it was only to wisecrack that he was "just in there to run for the \$500 fourth money," of which he was assured because there were only four starters.

Only the experts and the few big plungers who had experts on their staffs as handicappers, knew the facts of life about Jim Dandy. These fortunate few knew that his breeding was beyond reproach, by Jim Gaffney, out of a Star Shoot mare. Only these experts knew that his

(Continued on page 76)

# SO HE BUILT A ROAD-RUNNING BOAT



Boat can take fuel from roadside filling stations.

**A** DREAM BOAT has been built. It's an amphibian auto. It's a road-running vessel. It's the answer to the man who can't decide whether he likes better to travel on land or on the water. Herbert Farrar, a retired carpenter, has built the two-purpose vehicle in his backyard where he garages his land-roaming, sea-going yacht. The strange craft is twenty feet long, of plywood construction and powered by a four-cylinder engine. On land, it can travel at about 22 miles per hour. This speed is reduced to 12 m.p.h. in water. On terra firma, the auto-boat runs on three wheels. The front, or bow wheel was formerly the tail wheel of an airplane. The stern, or rear wheels are tractor wheels. On land, the craft is steered by turning the front wheel, in water, by the use of a rudder under the stern. There is no propeller. The oversize tractor wheels, with their heavy, deep-cut treads, act as paddle wheels.



It maneuvers nicely, even in heavy city traffic.



Heavy tractor treads on wheels are good in sand.



In open water, the heavy tractor treads on the tires act as peddle wheels.



Road-running boat requires no launching, makes its own way into water.

# My Fine Feathered Friend

By WILLIAM MCGRAW

"OLD BILL," I said, "you are an ugly, thieving, cantankerous scoundrel and I'll never sail another cruise with you." I meant every word of it, but naturally Old Bill had nothing at all to say. He was a pelican.

Ordinarily, I don't converse with pelicans, but on this occasion there was nobody else around. Nobody and nothing. There was the sky, of course, glowering with clouds, and the ocean—a chunk of the Gulf of California that looked like a tremendous bowl of burnt potato soup. And then there was me, Arthur Contreras and Old Bill, perching on all that was left of the tuna clipper Santa Ysabel, consisting of two eight-foot lengths of deck grating, lashed together, and a small section of the pilot house.

I had started out as second assistant engineer of the Santa Ysabel, but in the two days since the chubasco hit us I'd promoted myself to master and signed the pelican on as mate. But between the two of us we wouldn't have made even a third-class hand on a lobster boat. My left arm was broken at the wrist—at least I took for granted it was broken because I couldn't move the hand, and the whole thing looked like a huge salami sausage.

Old Bill wasn't suffering any hardship, but he wasn't a whole pelican either. He had an artificial beak, which is quite a story in itself. We picked him up in the Galapagos three weeks before. Somehow or other he had cracked off the upper half of his beak and was actually starving to death in the midst of plenty.

We hauled him aboard in a net, and I put in a whole day making him a new beak out of a scrap of plank and wired it on to what was left of the original.

It's hard to believe, but it worked, and Old Bill could catch sardines with the best of them.

After that he got to be a nuisance aboard, or a pet, however you want to look at it, and we took him along when we shoved off for home.

HOME is San Diego, but the Santa Ysabel never got there. The chubasco, as I said. The chubasco is a fiendish underhanded kind of storm that comes charging and screaming out of nowhere in these latitudes like an Arab desert raider, and you can count yourself lucky to ride one of them out, even in the best of boats, which the Santa Ysabel wasn't.

How or why Old Bill and I came through it, he could have told you as well as I. It was all like an ether dream, and I'd been sliding in and out of conscious-





ness so much from the pain in my arm I hardly knew what day it was. I knew the radio operator had managed to get at least one signal off, before the Santa Ysabel's seams opened, but whether anybody had picked it up was something else again.

Sometimes I prayed. Once I even got up on my knees to do it, but the effort made me vomit and I had to give up. The rest of the time I just lay still and let time have its way, feeling and caring no more for anything than a barnacle on a rock. I would dream, too, strange, impossible dreams full of meaningless motion and excitement. I was nearly paralyzed from the cold water washing over me constantly as it lapped up between the boards of the grating.

Old Bill spent his time either perching on my little raft asleep, or swimming lazily around. Sometimes he'd take off on a short hop, ending in a splashing dive, after which he would drain the water out of his chin sack, point that ersatz bill toward the sky, and swallow. You could see the fish wriggling as it went down his neck. Then he would flap his ridiculous tail and look smug. I don't know why he didn't fly away, unless he thought he might be needing more repairs.

I was having one of my lucid moments along toward the end of the second day, and talking to Old Bill, just to pass the time. In a way, I hated to see the day begin to fade. The odds were good I'd never see another. But it didn't make a lot of difference. Mainly, I felt a kind of sadness, the way you do sometimes when you think of yourself as a child.

Actually, it was almost pleasant. My arm was dead now, and the rest of me was numb, so there was no pain. I couldn't even feel the wetness any more. Beyond a strange sensation of floating in the air and a little mild, enjoyable self-pity, there was nothing.

**I**T was a painful, shattering thing, then, when I saw the plane. It meant hope, and to hope, I had to come back to life. It seems there has to be violence about it, like being born.

If I hadn't had my eyes open, looking at Old Bill, I wouldn't have seen it. It was a big Coast Guard PBY. I could see the yellow stripes on its wings. It was about a mile away, and flying low—under 200 feet—and coming at an angle that would take it about 300 yards to my left. My mind picked up these facts and arranged them, without my doing anything about it.

I turned over on my belly, worked my good arm under me, and pushed. It was like trying to lift a fat man who's dead drunk. I was up on one knee and feeling sick when I began to hear the engines. Fumbling my knife out of my pocket, I chipped off a piece of a tooth in getting the blade open, then slashed away at my sodden shirt until I could get enough of it off to wave.

I was still waving it when the plane grew small and plunged under the edge of my constricted horizon. Then I felt something warm on my face and thought it was sweat. It wasn't sweat, though, it was tears.

I let myself fall down again and lay there swearing at the plane for bringing me back to life. Old Bill climbed up on a corner of the raft and folded his neck  
(Continued on page 52)

Old Bill was only a dumb pelican living on borrowed time. But a man's life hung on the chance the bird might be useful

# MASS MURDERS FOR FUN

By HOMER SHANNON

Brutal, bloody conflict to the death was a source of pleasure to the ancient Romans in their huge arenas

**A**S THE Roman civilization of a couple of millenniums ago became more highly organized and effete, the gladiatorial games grew ever more gaudy, and the spectators increasingly blood-thirsty.

When the Roman Empire stretched from the British Isles to Syria, there was not a sizeable city in all that area which didn't have its arena for these games, in which men killed each other to provide a public spectacle.

A champion gladiator, who by luck or cunning or physical strength (he needed all these qualities) had despatched his adversaries to the satisfaction of his critical public, had greater fame than any modern prize fighter or torreador. High-born ladies competed for his favors, and his manly profile became a decorative design for vases, lamps and costly jewels.

The Roman festivals featuring the gladiatorial games were far from dull, if variety and subtle refinement in the art of killing count for excitement.

The Romans were perfectionists. The gladiatorial games were their principal form of public amusement or entertainment for nearly six centuries. In that time they developed and elaborated the bloody spectacle to a point that can hardly be believed.

**T**HE professionals who put on these shows (the participants, that is) were by no means limited to criminals, slaves and prisoners of war—though it was from these classes from which the doomed men were recruited when the gladiatorial contests were first initiated in the third century, B.C.

By the first century of this era, in the reign of such Emperors as Caligula, Claudius and Nero, it was not uncommon for women to enter

the ranks of the licensed professional killers. And many a man of noble birth, with a licentious passion for fame or fortune, entered the arena to do battle to the death with man or animal.

In A.D. 90 the Emperor Domitian staged a battle between male dwarfs and female amazons.

There was even one Emperor, Commodus, who personally entered the arena for combat.

The numbers of days annually set aside for these games and spectacles rose from 66 in the reign of Augustus, around the beginning of the Christian era, to 175 in the Fourth Century—not including extraordinary spectacles on special occasions.

The inventiveness of the Romans found its most unique expression in adding a new refinement or variation to the gladiatorial circus with each passing year. The program for the day might include deadly combats between a dozen pairs of gladiators, with each using weapons different from those of the others.

Then there might be a fatal contest between a Nubian lion and an Indian tiger, to be followed by a program number in which half a dozen naked men were set loose to "hunt" wild bears and lions turned loose at the other side of the arena. For the climax and finale, a score or more blond German barbarians might be pitted against as many black men from south of the Sahara.

**T**HE games were publicized well in advance. And no modern addict of the race track ever kept more careful records of the performance of the horses than did the Roman fan of his gladiator favorite.

It is clear that noblemen and

rabbie of the Roman Empire were equally callous to the cruelty of the gladiatorial games, and were in fact slaves of the heathenish passions which they aroused and satiated.

As a class, the gladiators were picked men who were highly trained in the arts of combat, always with the idea that the other fellow should die. Very early, schools were organized to see to it that the gladiators received the best professional training available.

It didn't matter what the origin of the student in these schools. All alike were subjected to an iron discipline which had no other purpose than perfection in killing.

The fear of the public of what the gladiators might do was constant and deeply ingrained. One very good reason was the memory of what happened in the years 73-71 B.C. It was in 73 B.C. that Spartacus inspired and led the revolt of his fellow gladiators.

He recruited more than 90,000 slaves and malcontents, most of whom had been trained in the gladiatorial schools. For two years he was able to defeat the best that official Rome could send against him.

The revolt ended only with the death of Spartacus. A careful reading of the records makes it evident that he was an accomplished fellow, and that many historians of the day under-rated him because of the terror he inspired among the populace.

**I**T is next to impossible to visualize the pageantry and excitement of the gladiatorial games at this late date, and about the best we can do is draw on some of the vivid accounts which have been handed down to us by the historians and literary personages of the time. Among the latter is the Emperor Claudius, who became one of the greatest patrons of the arena.

Claudius saw his first gladiatorial show when he was still a youth of 20. This was in the year 10 A.D., when Claudius' maternal great uncle, Augustus, was the reigning Emperor. For the occasion, Claudius had the best seat in the Flavian Amphitheater—the remains of which are known to every world traveler today as the Roman Colosseum.

This ancient architectural masterpiece afforded seats for no less than 87,000 spectators, arranged tier on tier, so that all had a closer and more intimate view of the arena than would be possible in





As he slew the net-and-spear man, the audience went wild with enthusiasm.

any modern structure serving a similar purpose.

The boy Claudius was paying most of the expenses of the spectacle, which was in honor of military victories of his dead father.

This was to be an especially good show, because Rome had just been through a severe famine and the times called for something a little extra to titillate the populace and make them forget the recent hardships.

As we read it in the ancient records, Claudius entered the arena at the head of a great procession. Brightly colored awnings over the boxes and banners gleamed brilliantly in the sun and there was almost continuous music.

The young boy, who had been brought up on an intellectual diet of poetry and philosophy was more than impressed.

While it is true that at this time many of the professional gladiators were as wise and cynical about the sport as modern wrestlers, Claudius' grandmother, Livia, had seen to it that there would be no shamming or horse-play in the arena this day. Livia was the third wife

of the Emperor Augustus, and a woman who usually managed to get her own way. She had gone to the heads of the gladiator's guild and told them what was what. She wanted blood, and unless the boys produced it there would be trouble.

ONCE Claudius was comfortably settled in the royal box with the Emperor, his grandmother and the others, the procession about the arena of the combatants and their colorful attendants got under way.

There was nothing of an outstandingly spectacular nature in the first half dozen bouts. Each of them brought together men who were pretty evenly matched in physique and skill.

There were only two men killed up to the end of the sixth combat, the other defeated gladiators having been spared their lives by popular recognition that they had put up a good fight before they were disarmed by their opponents.

But there had been many little incidents of a nature to put the crowd in a happy mood. For example, when a great bearded fellow lopped off clean at one savage stroke the right arm of his antagon-

onist, there was a great roar of laughter from the galleries.

As of this time, one of the unwritten rules of the games was that each combatant must be armed differently than his opponent. For the most part, this simply meant that men from different parts of the ancient world were matched against each other, each using his native armor and weapons.

But the ingenuity of the head men of the gladiatorial schools had contrived to bring about some strange assortments in fighting equipment. It was a matter of pride with the masters of the games to arrange contests as bizarre as possible.

This custom was responsible for the novelty and excitement of the seventh number on the program of this first of the many games Claudius honored with his presence—and paid for in good Roman gold.

THE trumpets had sounded their usual signal, and the babble of the populace had subsided, when the two oddly-matched men of the seventh event presented themselves from the floor of the arena.

(Continued on page 61)

# MIND-READING

# Detectives

By VINCENT H. GADDIS



INSPECTOR William Hancock, of the Provincial Police Headquarters at Edmonton, Alberta, was baffled. Locked in a nearby cell was a murderer, sullen and noncommittal, who knew the authorities lacked the evidence for an indictment and conviction. Months had passed since the arrest, and public opinion was turning in favor of the suspect.

Unless positive proof was soon forthcoming, justice would be thwarted.

The inspector picked up a newspaper, and a dispatch from Vancouver, B. C., caught his attention. Maximilian Langsner, who had solved many crimes throughout the world by reading the minds of criminals, had just presented an astounding demonstration of telepathy before members of a luncheon club. He was awaiting passage on a vessel bound for India.

The Inspector was skeptical, but desperate. Since normal means had been futile, why not try the supernatural? Anything that might aid in breaking his dilemma was worth investigating. He reached for his telephone. Then, as he awaited a reply to his long-distance call, he mentally reviewed the case that had brought him to this strange decision.

DEATH had struck suddenly on the evening of July 9, 1928, at the peaceful, 200-acre Booher farm near Mannville, Alberta. Henry Booher, the father, and Vernon, his 21-year-old son, had returned from their chores in the fields, only to be greeted by the grim, silent remains of a ghastly slaughter.

The body of Mrs. Booher, the mother of the family, was in the dining room of the farmhouse seated at a table. She had been shot from behind. Fred, an older son, lay dead in the adjoining kitchen near the outside door, and had apparently been shot while entering the house.

The bodies of two hired hands, William Rosyk and Gabe Goromby, were found in the barn and a nearby bunkhouse.

Obviously the killer had murdered Mrs. Booher first, then had shot the other three victims to conceal his identity.

When Constable Frederick Olsen arrived at the scene from Mannville, he found no evidence of robbery and no trace of the weapon. An ejected cartridge was found in the kitchen, and this shell, together with the lead removed from the bodies, confirmed the fact that a British .303 rifle had been used.

The Booher family did not possess a gun of this type.

On the following day, a neighbor of the Boohers announced that a .308 rifle had recently been stolen from his home. Shells fired from this rifle had had distinctive markings from a faulty chamber, and it was quickly found that the stolen gun was the actual murder weapon. But despite an intensive search no trace of it could be found.

Fruitless days passed. One morning, while visiting the farm, the constable turned suddenly and noticed a look of intense hatred on the face of Vernon Booher. Suspicious, he returned to Mannville and made inquiries that revealed that Vernon and a girl friend had broken their relations several months prior to the murders.

When questioned, the girl stated that Mrs. Booher had been the cause of the trouble by her poor opinion of the girl's reputation. Later Vernon had tried to resume the affair with her without success.

The investigator returned to the farm. "Did you hate your mother because she interfered with your love affair?" he asked Vernon. The youth frowned, but made no reply.

"You are guilty!" the constable charged. "You killed your mother, then shot your brother and the other two men to hide your crime."

"If I did," Vernon replied, "then find the rifle. You have no evidence, and I'll never admit that I did it."

Constable Olsen placed Vernon under arrest and had him taken to the police headquarters at Edmonton, where Inspector Hancock took charge of the case. Months had passed. The inspector had tried every trick in his book, but all had failed. Now, in a final effort, he had called in a mindreader to try to break the case with the mysterious powers of the enigmatic human mind.

**T**WO days after Inspector Hancock's long-distance call, Maximilian Langsner arrived. He was an energetic, smartly dressed man, about 35 years of age, with brown eyes that were luminous and penetrating.

He told the inspector that he had been born in Vienna, had studied telepathy in the Orient, and that his most recent success was the solution of a jewel robbery for the police of Berlin, Germany.

"Telepathy," the world-traveled, sophisticated mystic explained, "is a lost means of communication, used today in the animal realm and perhaps, also, by primitive man. All

(Continued on page 58)

## TRUE STORY

The mysterious powers of the human mind have often been used to solve the most baffling of crime cases by some kind of mental telepathy



The score was 13 to 0, until the last three minutes of the game . . . But then came 3 touchdowns

# FOOTBALL'S MOST EXCITING GAME

By RUSSELL NEWBOLD

**T**HIRTY seconds before the final gun, Ohio State was King Football in its game with Notre Dame at Columbus, Ohio on November 2, 1935.

Then one, of the most amazing eruptions ever seen on a gridiron took place. For Notre Dame, thoroughly whipped and smashed for fifty-seven minutes of the ball-game, exploded its third and winning touchdown, crossing the State goal line for the fourth time in the final three minutes of play to win a victory which for sheer fantasy, unbelievable heroism, and inspiring up-hill struggle has no parallel in sport or fiction.

Although both teams approached this crucial game in fine shape and with perfect records, there was nothing about the meeting of these titans of the gridiron to suggest that it might develop into a football classic.

Notre Dame, hard-pressed on several occasions during the season, had beaten five previous foes. State, on the other hand, boasting one of the finest teams in its history, had slaughtered four successive opponents, rolling up twice as many points in their four games as the Irish had in five. It didn't take a wizard to figure the favorite and probable winner. A week before the clash, Ohio State was named a 2-1 favorite and remained so right up to game time. From the opening kick-off, the Buckeyes justified those odds.

The huge Ohio line was an impregnable wall, smothering Irish ball-carriers. The Buckeye defense was everywhere, throttling Notre Dame's efforts. For once the pre-game statistics seemed to hold up.



The ball came to Andy Piney. He feded back to pass.



Pinay tore a cartilage on that brutal run.

Wayne Millner leaped end caught the ball.

Only in one department did Notre Dame have an advantage. That was in kicking. With the mighty toe of Bill Shakespeare, one of Notre Dame's greatest punters, the Irish got the better of an early exchange of punts. Taking the ball on State's thirty-seven yard line, Notre Dame prepared to drive for a touchdown.

A few wasted running plays indicated the folly of trying to pierce the mighty State line. Shakespeare dropped back for one of his famous passes. Giant State linemen rifled through the Irish forward wall and all but swept the South Bend bullet from his feet. Hurriedly he threw the ball. And because the superior State line had never given Shakespeare a chance, his throw was inaccurate.

An alert Antonescu, on his own twenty-five yard line, leaped high into the air, snared the pigskin, and started State toward its first touchdown. Irish tacklers quickly cornered him, but Antonescu interaled to Frank Boucher on the State thirty. Boucher sprinted, untouched, seventy yards for the first touchdown. The Buckeyes were on their way.

State's power continued to overwhelm the Irish. Once again Notre Dame resorted to the airman. Shakespeare was still off the target as Pincus intercepted one of his heaves on the Buckeye forty-five.

Then the Buckeyes began to roll. One, two, three first downs were reeled off by the Ohio team as Buckeye backs raced through huge gaps in the Irish line. Notre Dame, exerting all its power, could not stem the surging Ohio tide.

The end of the quarter and the exchange of goals gave Notre Dame a breather. But the time out hadn't cooled State. On the fifth play of the second quarter, Joe Williams, State's flashy little scat-back,

squirmed his way to the second touchdown. The extra point put State ahead, 13 to 0.

For the remainder of the half, a stunned Notre Dame team fought a brilliant defensive battle, preventing State from again scoring. The half ended with Notre Dame grimly hanging on.

**B**ETWEEN the halves, the mammoth stadium, holding eighty-five thousand witnesses, speculated as to how high a score the Buckeyes would ultimately register. Ohio

(Continued on page 13)





When octopi are sought, the smaller ones are chosen.

# HOW TO COOK AN *Octopus*

**U**GLY to look at and repulsive to the touch, the fearful octopus makes his peace with the world at the dinner table. This deep sea delicacy must be properly prepared to be appreciated. If not, it tastes like rubber bands. But with the proper care, those slimy, suction-cupped tentacles, dreaded by divers and men of the sea, can be stewed into succulent morsels following the recipes of talented French chefs, whose octopus stews are culinary delights that win raves from visitors to the French Riviera. These photos were taken at the Restaurant Bouttau, a picturesque eatery hidden in one of the winding streets of the old city of Nice on the Riviera. They show how proprietor Maurice Bouttau prepares octopus for his guests. Prolonged pounding of the tentacles is part of the secret. Herbs, spices, wine and olive oil are used in the cooking. Octopi can be bought in the Italian section of most American cities.



Meat is rinsed, head and outer skin removed, also the sacs of the black, inky substance.



Ingredients of stew include onions, olive oil, wine, tomatoes, thyme, sage, laurel, parsley.



But real secret for tenderness is prolonged, hard pounding with iron mallet.

# CHAMP BOWLER AT 53

Andy Varipapa is in the big kegling money at over the half century mark

By PAUL GOULD

**Y**OU might suspect that the ripe old age of fifty-three would qualify one at the very most for the position of scorer in the game of bowling. Life may start at forty for the average individual who engages in such thrilling sports as chess or golf, but bowling's history has been studded with triumphs by men who acquired the right to vote only recently.

Accordingly, it is something of a tour-de-force that Andy Varipapa has achieved at fifty-three. Acclaimed for years as the greatest trick-shot artist in the world of kegling, Varipapa did not achieve his real goal—that of becoming National Matchgame Champion—until he was three years beyond the half-century mark.

To that he has added the royal purple as possessor of the highest six-year average for the Annual All-Star Tournaments. And, to hear him talk about it, he has only just begun to fight!

There are some twenty million addicts of the kegel-spiel in the United States, making it by far the No. 1 competitive pastime of the nation. To achieve the National title, after sixty-four gruelling contests jammed into nine days of feverish activity, certainly calls for a maximum of stamina. But to the stubby, powerful Brooklyn-reared bowler with the Greek name and the Italian accent, it was all in a day's work.

That day's work was richly remunerative, too. Bowling may seem, to the ordinary individual, a sport that cannot hold a candle to baseball or football, but Varipapa's earnings rank alongside those of the greatest money-earners in any of the top sports.

Capturing the National title assured him of an annual yield of \$50,000 or more. In Detroit, where he puts on exhibitions and teaches fledglings, he rates \$300 a week. And when he makes movies exhibiting his ability to toss with either hand (and both) and with his foot, too, he really rakes in the shekels.

**B**ORN in Calabria, Italy, Varipapa came to these shores at the age of nine and he is one of the few American sport champs to trace his place of birth overseas.

He first took up golf and clipped an \$9 after two years of play. Then he played shortstop for the Bay Ridge Athletics in Brooklyn and attempted to crash the Dodgers. He even changed his name to Andy Bell, figuring the Varipapa handle would jeopardize his chances. But the Dodgers didn't care for him, either as Bell or Varipapa.

But Andy was determined to make a living enjoying himself, so he turned to bowling, at which he had been earning his apprenticeship as a pinboy. Since that time, he has rolled no less than sixty-five 300 games, the all-time record.

(Continued on page 52)



Varipapa shows his kegling form, with either hand.





"A millionaire? Sorry, I only go out with multi-millionaires. Inflation, you know."

## MIND-READING DETECTIVES

(Continued from page 53)

minds send forth impulses—waves of energy. A trained, sensitive mind, such as I possess, can receive these impulses and translate them into pictures, just as a telephone receiver reconverts electrical impulses into sound."

Inspector Hancock felt his doubts fade under the impact of Langsner's confident personality. "Can you visit the prisoner now?" he asked.

"No," the mindreader replied. "First I must rest, for it will require several hours for me to wear down the mental resistance of the suspect. Only after his instinctive guard is broken can I catch the mental picture we desire."

Langsner left the jail office for his hotel. Early in the afternoon he returned and asked for a chair which he carried to the door of Vernon Booher's cell. Then he sat

down, lit a cigarette, and began staring at the boy behind the bars. Not a word was spoken. Vernon, puzzled, suspicious, ignored his strange visitor.

Two hours passed by. Langsner continued to stare, steadily smoking chain fashion, while the inspector waited in his office. During the third hour Vernon began to pace his cell nervously and occasionally glare at his silent tormentor.

Then, an hour later, his patience snapped, and with a torrent of oaths he shook the bars that confined him and threatened the quiet man whose brown eyes probed for his soul.

His storm of passion over, Vernon fell back on his cot, exhausted. Weakly, he looked at the psychic detective, and Langsner's astonishing mind caught the picture, held it, memorized it. He arose, picked up his chair, and Vernon lay back on his cot and went to sleep.

"I have the solution," Langsner said, as he entered the inspector's office. "The rifle is concealed under dirt and leaves in a clump of bushes about 600 feet from a house." He made a sketch of the house—a white house with red shutters—in incredible detail, and pointed out the location of two trees, one halfway the distance, the other just beyond the bushes.

The two men at once left for the Booher farm, arriving just at twilight. The house, trees and bushes were located exactly as described, and the rifle was found in a few minutes. Returning to Edmonton, Vernon was shown the rifle and told that his mind had been read like an open book.

He confessed then that he had killed his mother because she had broken up his love affair, and the rest had died because they had either heard the shot or observed him near the house at the time.

And while Vernon awaited his trial, which was followed by his death on the gallows, the amazing mindreader continued his trip to the far shores of mystic India.

**E**ARLY on the evening of Oct. 26, 1935, an explosion rocked the city of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Shorewood's village hall had been dynamited by an unknown terrorist. Two children had been killed, and a number of persons injured. Flames that followed the blast reduced the building to a bleak, blackened ruin.

On the following day more explosions shocked the midwestern city. Two banks were damaged, and with a cynical gesture of defiance at the bewildered authorities, the



"All the children are SO fond of bananas."

dynamiter blew up two police stations.

As the outrages continued, panic spread, and the frightened citizens joined the baffled officers in wondering when and where the next blow would strike.

It was then that Detective Walter English remembered. His neighbor, 70-year-old Arthur Price Roberts, famed as a "psychic detective," had predicted the bombings to him on Oct. 18, eight days before the first blast.

As reported at length in the Wisconsin News of Nov. 8, Roberts had said: "Going to be lots of dynamitings! I see two banks blown up and perhaps the city hall. Going to blow up the police stations. Then there's going to be a big blowup south of the river (Menomonee) and it'll be all over."

The final blast was yet to occur. Detective English told his superiors of the prediction. They at once got in touch with Roberts and he repeated his forecast: "Sunday there will be a big one south of the Menomonee. And that'll be all!"

Was it possible that the incredible mind of this astonishing man could reach beyond the barriers of time and space and foresee events to come? Members of the Milwaukee Police Department knew from past experience that the statements of "Doc Roberts," as he was known, were not idle, groundless guesses. But even his ability, amazing as it was, had its limits. He knew that the blast would occur, but he could not identify the perpetrator.

On the following Sunday a small army of officers was placed on guard in the Menomonee district, but all their precautions failed. In the afternoon it came, rocking the city like an earthquake. And it was, indeed, the final blast, for the young terrorist responsible was unable to make his escape in time. Over a hundred pounds of torn bits of flesh and bone were recovered from the damaged area.

Born in Denbigh, Wales, in 1886, Roberts came to America as a young man and settled in Milwaukee. From childhood he possessed an uncanny ability for foreseeing events and locating missing persons and objects.

He never learned to read or write, fearing that education would destroy his supernatural powers, yet for half a century he solved hundreds of problems for the police and worried citizens of a score of cities and towns.

Short in stature, jovial and plain in appearance, his modest home was his office where letters and telegrams testifying to his success-

as filled massive filing cabinets.

As a rule Roberts obtained his supernatural knowledge by mental impressions that came to him from out of the bewildering labyrinth of his puzzling subconscious mind. These impressions came to him instantly, often in astonishing detail. But when this method failed, as occasionally happened, Roberts would enter a trance state which permitted a greater contact with the inner recesses of his subconsciousness.

A man of many secrets, Roberts did confidential work on many cases for the authorities unofficially, and the true extent of his activities will probably never be known. He was involved in the famous case of Ignatz Potz, of Chicago, who was found guilty of murder and sentenced to hang June 16, 1922, and when Governor Small commuted the sentence to life imprisonment when Potz was within four hours of the noose, Roberts was highly pleased.

It was a fitting climax to the strange life of unorthodox crime detection that Roberts lived that he should predict the day of his death. According to his close friends, he announced the very date several weeks before his passing, and he added: "As much as I would like to remain, I will not be with you beyond that day."

And on January 2, 1940—the date foreseen—Arthur P. Roberts, America's strangest detective, died suddenly from a heart attack.

IT is not well-known, but the supreme horror mystery of the last century was solved by a clairvoyant or psychic vision. Long listed as unsolved in the annals of crime, the truth about the case was released by the British press after the death of Robert James Lees about twenty years ago.

Lees was the psychic detective who gave Scotland Yard the answer to London's most baffling murder mystery, but circumstances in the case caused it to be withheld from the public.

A half century ago a series of shocking murders plunged London in terror. Jack-the-Ripper was abroad. Week after week death struck suddenly from out of the fog-shrouded darkness, and the victims were always women. The bodies were hideously mutilated.

By the time the death toll of victims reached sixteen, the great city was hysterical. 15,000 uniformed officers and 3,000 plainclothesmen roamed the streets and alleys. Rewards totalled \$150,000. But Jack-the-Ripper remained unknown.

One night Robert Lees experienced a strange vision. He watched a man dressed in a Scotch tweed suit and carrying a light overcoat suddenly seize a woman in a dark alley. The stranger stabbed the woman several times with a knife, then walked calmly away. A nearby clock revealed the time as 12:40 A.M.

So impressed was he by his dream that Lees reported his experience to Scotland Yard. He added that in his belief the vision was a forewarning—that the crime would occur that night at the given time. The authorities wrote down an account of the dream, but failed to regard it seriously.

That night the murder occurred as predicted. Shortly later Lees had another vision which he reported in detail to the officers. When the crime again took place in all details as foreseen, the officers asked his aid.

A human bloodhound, guided by his mysterious psychic powers, Lees slowly led the police through the streets of London. At four o'clock in the morning the exhausted psychic detectives stopped outside a mansion in the western end of the city. "This is where the man you are looking for lives," he said.

The mansion was the home of a well-known physician of unblemished reputation. Nevertheless, inquiries were made which revealed that the doctor had been mentally unbalanced for some time. He confessed to having lapses of memory during which he had no knowledge of his actions. A Scotch tweed suit and overcoat, bearing bloodstains, were found among his effects. He was removed to the asylum at Islington, where he soon became a raving madman, and Jack-the-Ripper never appeared again.

All involved in the case were pledged to secrecy. Lees received a pension from the Privy Purse and was received in private audience by Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace. In later years he assisted Scotland Yard from time to time with his clairvoyant talents, but at his request his identity and the nature of his work was kept secret until his death.

The ability of psychic detectives is a mystery of the human mind. But police officials, who have learned from personal experiences that such enigmatic mental powers do exist at times, are not concerned with the explanations offered by psychologists. They employ these mystical aids when they have the opportunity because they know that they produce results.

THE END



## MASS MURDERS FOR FUN

(Continued from page 49)

The first to present himself to his royal patrons was a middle-aged soldier who had been sentenced to the arena for striking a superior officer while drunk. He was of more than average height and well put together, but he appeared a trifle pale and shaky from having been confined several days in a cell. Plainly he was popular with his fellows, for all the regiment was there, and they called out his nickname loudly and repeatedly.

"Roach," they shouted, "Roach, go in and murder him."

The other contestant was a tall, rangy veteran of the arena. But he must have been ten years younger than Roach.

His swagger and confidence were born of six years of bloody victories in the arena, and he was popular with the fans.

For his appearance on this occasion, he was to receive \$3,050, if he lived to collect it. And Livia, the middle-aged grandmother, had promised him another \$2,550 if he killed his opponent after a good fight.

But more than anything else it was the contrast between weapons which gave this event its special spice. Roach was armed with the usual equipment of the Roman foot soldier—the regulation short sword, brass-bound shield and chest armor. His opponent, who wore only a short leather tunic, had for weapons the almost frivolous-appearing equipment of the trout fisherman of his native Thessaly—a trident or three-pronged spear and a casting net.

THE contest had no more than started, when it became evident that the net was even more lethal than the fisherman's spear. It was weighted with small lead pellets, which were sent singing around Roach's eyes and ears in a most telling way.

But the infantryman was no fool. He stood his ground, while the veteran danced about him uttering taunts and trying to trick the more heavily-burdened Roach into pursuit.

The fisherman was obviously full of confidence and once when he passed imprudently close to the amateur, Roach flashed out with his sword with such lightning speed that he slashed the green tunic of his adversary wide open.

But the fisherman was away in time and he now settled to a more persistent teasing of the Roman foot soldier, whipping the net about with his left hand with the most amazing dexterity, while he jabbed high and low with the trident.

Roach parried the blows stolidly and without flinching. And then one of the little flying balls of lead attached to the net caught him in the eye, temporarily blinding him. Quick as lightning, the fisherman knocked the sword to the ground from the soldier's hand and moved in on him with the spear.

Disarmed as he was, Roach still stood his ground, catching the points of the trident repeatedly on his shield. By this time, it is easy to believe, the stands were in an uproar. The many thousands who packed the steeply-tiered amphitheater were about equally divided in their sympathies. But it appeared to be a lost cause so far as Roach and his fellow infantrymen were concerned.

Then a surprising thing happened. In his over-confidence, the fisherman danced just those few inches closer for which Roach had been waiting. With a cunning and skill learned in years of free-for-all fighting on the German frontier, Roach wheeled and kicked the spear from the fisherman's hand.

The barbed shaft went flying in the air, and, as the surprised netman turned to retrieve it, Roach jabbed him savagely in the groin with the sharp point in the center of his shield. Even as the fisherman doubled up on the way to the ground, the edge of the shield came down sharply on the back of his neck.

The audience was almost as badly stunned as was Roach's opponent, but recovered in an instant with a mighty roar of applause. The fisherman didn't recover, so there was no need for Claudius to decide whether it was to be thumbs up or thumbs down.

Livia seemed a trifle unhappy, but she was heard to say: "Well, he did save me that extra \$2,550 I was to have paid that stupid net man."

Young Claudius had seen all he cared for, though there were several more events on the program. In later years, though, he would sit in the arena from early morning until evening, and that day after day as long as the games lasted. When there had been an important mili-

tary victory in the provinces, this might be for as much as 100 days. It is recorded that as many as 10,000 gladiators might take part in such a series.

It was not until the year 503, that Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, issued an edict officially forbidding these gruesome games. But it is known that they were bootlegged in the province for many years after that, suggesting that human nature in the days of the Empire had much in common with that of today, whether or not it was more blood-thirsty.

THE END

## Nine Criminals

by Paul Norton

NINE men were sentenced to death in Ireland for treason against the crown, in 1848. In the face of public opinion, Queen Victoria commuted these sentences to exile in the then wild and unsettled never-never land of Australia.

In 1874 it was brought to light that the ringleader, Charles Duffy had just been elected Prime Minister of Australia.

On that date the other eight were found occupied as follows: One was Governor of Montana; two were Brigadier Generals in the U. S. Army; one was the Governor of Newfoundland. One was Attorney General of Australia, and another assistant Attorney General who eventually succeeded to that post; one was a member of the Canadian Parliament and president of the council of Dominions of Canada as well as Minister of Agriculture. The ninth was a high-ranking New York State politician who fathered a future mayor of New York City.

"Is there anyone present who wishes the prayers of the congregation for a relative or friend?" asked the minister of the little New England church.

"I do," said an angular lady arising from a rear pew. "I want the congregation to pray for my husband."

"Why, sister Ahlgail," replied the minister. "You have no husband as yet."

"Yes, that's why I want you all to pitch in and pray for one for me."

"Nothing is impossible," declared the Positive One, in a tone that brooked no interference.

"Oh, I don't know," persisted the Skeptic. "Did you ever try to take a pair of skis through a revolving door?"

## EXCITEMENT IS A WOMAN

(Continued from page 25)

down at her. She smiled at him mockingly. It made her seem more desirable than ever. Tears of longing stung his eyes.

He knelt before her. Maybe begging would get what grabbing wouldn't. He had so very little time.

She didn't touch him when he put his head in her lap, clutched his arms around her and started sobbing. He felt her stretch and heard her yawn. Then she made another movement, and he had to see what she was doing.

He raised his head. She was smiling invitingly at him, and the robe was open to her waist. . . .

He would be the last to have her.

A PHONE rang shrilly in a hotel room a block away. A man raised his head from a pillow and reached sleepily for the receiver.

"Hullo!" he growled, then suddenly became wide awake.

"What? I sure didn't expect it this soon! All right—I'll be right over!"

He dressed quickly, donning a coat with a badge in the pocket. Less than five minutes later, he

entered Flamencia's apartment without knocking.

Wearing an attractive blue gown, she lolled in a chair, drinking from a tall glass.

"Sure you got the right guy?" asked the detective.

"How could I help it?" Flamencia demanded. "He looks just like the picture you showed me! Take a look for yourself, Jonesy!"

She waved her glass in the direction of the divan. Jordan lay sprawled on the floor in front of it, blood from a deep wound in his head staining the rug.

The detective whistled.

"Holy Smoke!" he exclaimed. "What did you hit him with, Flamencia?"

She pointed to a silver candlestick lying on a table behind the divan.

"Good enough!" applauded Jonesy. "You sure put an end to that murderous love of his—he won't kill any more women where he's goin'!"

She picked the black robe up from the divan, and took it behind the screen as he produced the handcuffs. . . . THE END

## MY FINE

## FEATHERED FRIEND

(Continued from page 47)

for a snooze, and I cursed him too, for not caring.

WHILE this was going on, my brain was busy sorting out a lot of facts I wasn't even conscious of. Facts like the pattern a pilot uses in searching over water for something small. It's a steadily widening square, like a spiral with square corners, starting from the spot where he thinks you are. From the fact that he was flying so low, I knew he couldn't have been looking for anything as big as the Santa Ysabel herself, so he must know there were men in the water, or in a boat. Maybe some of the others had been found.

And if he was flying low he must be making short legs—two miles one way, for example, and three at right angles to it. If that were so, the next parallel leg should take him along a line to my right. But it would be at least a mile farther on, and the light was falling fast.

I swore some more, and prayed some more, never quite sure which was which. One more pass was all the plane could possibly make before dark. If only I had a signal flare.

Signal flare! The light that broke over me should have been visible for miles.

I looked at the pelican. His eyes were shut. When he was asleep he looked more self-satisfied than ever. "It's a dirty trick, Old Bill," I said, "but I saved your life once. Now it's your turn." Clamping my jaws against the temptation to lose consciousness again, I began inching my way toward him.

LATER—a century of Sundays later, the way it seemed to me—they were pouring something hot between my lips and there was a lovely smell of antiseptic and clean bandages all around. The co-pilot came back and spoke to the flight surgeon, who nodded. Then he said, "Curiosity's got me. I have to know what kind of a flare that was. Damndest thing I ever saw. Flares are supposed to travel in a straight line. This one went every which way, including up, down and sideways."

I swallowed whatever it was they were giving me. I couldn't taste it, but it felt wonderful going down. "That wasn't a flare," I said. "That was a pelican."

The co-pilot shook his head, look-



"If you don't come any closer, I'll scream!"

ing at the doctor. "Still delicious," he muttered, and went forward to the pilot's compartment.

Later on, I was able to explain. I made a torch out of that wooden beak of Bill's, using the only dry material on me, which was two ey belt I always carry. I tied the hundred and thirty-five dollars in tens, fives and ones, from the moon-bills on with the lining of the belt and soaked the whole thing in lighter fluid.

When I heard the first faint sound of the returning plane, which was making its last run, as I figured, before giving up for the night, I touched the living torch off with my lighter, closed my eyes and prayed.

I was praying for me, of course, but I think I said a word or two for Old Bill. Anyhow, I like to remember it that way.

THE END

## THE HOUR OF DEATH

(Continued from page 39)

I watched the impersonal movement of the minutes around the bland and stupid face of the clock. I hated its inexorableness. I hated Martin Wylkes more in death than I had in life. My complete revenge was being stolen by the very stillness of the man.

I heard the clock strike yet once more and would have leaped up and smashed it if I had dared to break the artificial rhythm of my now desperate venture. And still Martin Wylkes had not moved.

Or had he moved?

Was it the spasmodic quivering of my aching muscles that had counterfeited some vitality in this awful dead thing, or was there some

attempt of his own muscles to take over. I had to be careful. Careful to keep the rhythm just so, the pressure just so. Careful.

Slowly, sometimes stopping again, Martin Wylkes began to breathe.

I stayed with him till I was sure, very sure. Then painfully I pushed and heaved myself upright and away from him. He was very definitely alive again, and I, I was completely avenged. For one surely awful moment I had thrust Martin Wylkes beyond the edge of life. I had murdered him with impunity, and he would always know it. He and I were quits!

THE END

## SHIP THAT WENT OVER FALLS

(Continued from page 21)

Closer, closer, closer to the roaring, thunderous Niagara the ship made her way. Observers on the shore screamed their delight and eagerness. Then, Rough gave orders for the men aboard to abandon ship. They climbed into a small yawl.

He and his men started rowing desperately against the current.

The next instant, as they looked back, the faithful ship took her final plunge. With her complement of animals aboard *The Michigan*, caught in the strong dizzy current went crashing over the Niagara Falls.

There was a resounding smash as the ship splintered into a thousand pieces; her live cargo screeching, howling, screaming the cries of death. Then ship and animal cargo disappeared forever into the depths of the whirlpool.

**B**UT the show wasn't over. Captain Rough and his crew nearly met the same fate. The current was too strong for their yawl and it threatened to hurl them over the Falls. Only quick thinking on the part of a shore party who threw a rope to Rough and the strength of twenty men who pulled the yawl ashore kept the thousands of thrill-seekers from seeing a human tragedy.

THE END



"Does your wife know you've got this job?"

## LIFE OF VINCENT FOSTER

(Continued from page 15)

took heavy punishment—Vince was knocked out.

Afterward, however, he had the satisfaction of learning that his opponent had been the formidable "Rocky" Graziano, and it is reported that Rocky admitted frankly that the kid had given him one hell of a battle.

Vince turned professional fighter in 1946, when he was 20 years old. He was no great shakes as a boxer, but fought wide open as a barn door.

Like a smaller Jack Dempsey, he depended on natural speed and a smashing attack to offset his lack of boxing skill, but unlike Dempsey, he was not a two-handed puncher, depending mostly on a sledgehammer right.

His early fights were in the arena in Omaha, Nebraska, and there promoter Max Clayton became greatly interested in him. Clayton believed that the tough, rough young man with the unstable character might be a potential fighter with the showmanship and gate appeal of the veteran Graziano—and possibly a future welterweight champion. Vince began knocking out his early opponents with almost monotonous regularity.

**B**UT as money started to come his way—more money than he had ever seen before—Vince be-

came a victim of strange inner conflicts that no doubt tortured him even as he fought against them.

At times, he had a singularly sweet, almost angelic expression, and girls fell madly in love with him.

They wrote him snash notes that drooled with mawkish sentimentality, they pursued him whether he was interested in them or not, they gave him photographs inscribed with sugary endearments.

Though still on the lower rungs of the fistic ladder, Vince lived high, wide and handsome. Like many full—or part—breed Indians (as well as their exploiters, for that matter) he could not resist the lure of bottled lightning. He was known as a four-base bourbon gumbler, and his name began to appear on the blotter in Omaha police stations.

Vince was not a diplomasiac; he was an irregular drinker.

He'd get drunk, but then he'd sober up and hate himself. He'd train faithfully for one fight, and neglect training for the next.

Always the good in him was at constant warfare against the evil—sometimes one side winning, sometimes the other.

When drinking, Vince liked to treat everybody in the house, and on occasion he passed worthless checks in order to show off before his fair-weather friends and admirers.

Perhaps more than anything else, Vince desperately wanted respect, a decent home, all the things that "matter." And, just as he was reaching maturity, he fell in love. The girl was timid, modest, unassuming Little Dolores Johnson, 19 years old. They were married, and the following year she bore him a child, a daughter, who lived only three days.

Perhaps Vince cannot be blamed for drinking after that. Certain it is that Dolores couldn't stand living with him any more. They separated, after only a year of the marriage which both had begun with such high hopes.

**B**UT Vince was now getting a reputation as a fighter—as well as a no-good bum. He had won around 20 fights, 19 of them by knockouts. It was time to go after the big money, but Vince, wary as a stinged cat, told Max Clayton he needed a manager. "I don't have

much faith in most of these guys," Vince said.

Clayton promptly got in touch with Jack Hurley, melancholy-eyed and scrupulously honest promoter for the Chicago Stadium. Hurley was not averse to the idea of developing a boy who might make a fitting successor to his previous topnotcher—Billy Petrolle, the "Fargo Express."

Hurley had no illusions about Vince. He knew the lad was a wild one, who liked his lush and the gals. "I never knew a more reckless kid," Hurley wrote later for the Associated Press. "His yen for gambling with life may have accounted for his sensational fights. He never was a 'safety-first' fighter."

Hurley taught Vince that his left could be something more than a club or a jabbing instrument. Under Hurley's tutelage, Vince developed a one-two left hook followed by a right cross to the jaw that packed double authority.

In his first bout under the Hurley escutcheon, only a week after the lean-jawed veteran mentor took over, Vince put his Indian sign on Freddie Archer, who was supposedly a much more experienced fighter.

But perhaps the most amazing aspect of Vince's career was his "lightning" conversion to religion—something that, in fact, happens to a great many men who have been on skid row and are sick of the seamy side of life. It is said that Vince and Hurley were riding a Chicago streetcar, when they chanced to pass the huge auditorium of Moody Bible Institute—one of the great spiritual institutions of the nation. A few days later, on August 22, 1948, Vince went back alone. According to his own testimony, he was instantly converted. "Before that I was a lost man," Vince said earnestly. "I was young, but I was lost. I was yielding to temptations common to man."

Ironically, he had less than 11 months to live!

With childlike enthusiasm, Vince proceeded to preach the Gospel. He preached to his friends, prayed in gymnasiums while training, addressed church and Sunday School congregations.

He became an omnivorous Bible reader. When he won a fight, he declared fervently that it was "the will of the Lord"—and presented an autographed Bible to his battered victim.

He carried small testaments and gospels in his pockets, and presented them to strangers he tried to convert. He stopped drinking and



"The coach insists I try for the basketball team, but I don't know the first thing about the game."



trained industriously. His wife came back to him.

"He said to me he was starting all over," Hurley recalled later, wonderingly. "I believed him. From all appearances the kid had straightened himself out."

Hoping for the best, Hurley signed Vince for a fight with Nicky Mestovitch in New York's huge Madison Square Garden. And on December 3, 1948, Vince came through, slaughtering Mestovitch in eight rounds. The road to a shot at the 147-pound title held by "Sugar Boy" Robinson was opening up.

The far-sighted Hurley kept his fingers crossed. There were times when he suspected that Vince didn't have "enough brains for a headache." Vince had proved it often enough. In 1948—his first fair-money year—he had earned \$14,000 and paid \$1,800 income tax. Yet at the year's close he had only \$335 to his name.

The next hurdle was "Tough Tony" Pellone. On the night of January 14, 1949, the white-Indian reached the apex of his leather-pushing career. Again in Madison Square Garden, he blasted the 12-5 favorite with a savagery reminiscent of Bulldog Mickey Walker. In the third round Pellone went down for a count of three, in the fourth he hit the rosin again but was up after taking a one-count, and in the seventh, hammered to the canvas for the third time, he lacked the strength to pull himself to his feet, though he tried hard.

Baby-faced, tiger-eyed Vince was the newest sensation in Babylon.

Vince went his way, preaching and praying. And the scribes and ring hangers on wondered when the wrath of Heaven would descend upon him and destroy him for his hypocrisy—if he were a hypocrite. Nobody was quite sure.

**T**HEN, on February 7, disaster struck. A 23-year-old Kansas City woman, Alice Smetla, signed a complaint in St. Joseph, Missouri, charging the fighter with forcible rape.

Arrested by State Patrolmen Ray Dreher and W. W. Wood, Foster was arraigned before Magistrate A. M. Olmsted of St. Joseph. He denied the charge and was held in jail until he could raise \$10,000 bail.

A preliminary hearing was set for February 23, and manager Hurley promptly cancelled a fight between Vince and Charley Fusari which had been scheduled for February 18, stating that Vince would be unable to fight in the "physical and

mental" condition that had resulted.

Foster consistently protested his innocence. According to assistant prosecutor William Rosenthal, Foster's story was that he had met the girl for the first time the previous day, which happened to be a Sunday, February 6.

The meeting took place in Kansas City, where Vince was visiting an aunt.

Foster asserted that he drove the young woman to St. Joseph, and that they stopped at various night clubs along the route. Near St. Joseph she jumped out of the car and ran to a nearby farmhouse.

Foster then pursued her and brought her back to the car. His explanation of this act was that she was barefoot and wearing only a dress. But the state police, who had been promptly summoned by the rural family, stated that they had found the woman's undergarments in the automobile.

Opinion was divided on whether Foster had raped the girl, who held a responsible job as an office manager. At Moody Bible Institute the students were convinced of his innocence, and prayed for his vindication.

But in places like Stillman's gymnasium, where Vince's past peccadilloes were well known, they weren't so sure.

Probably it will never be known whether Vince was guilty or innocent. Following a postponement, on March 21, Buchanan County Prosecutor O. R. Newcomer requested and obtained a dismissal of the charges because of insufficient evidence. Miss Smetla, however, who asserted that she had become pregnant as a result of the alleged attack, brought suit against Foster in civil court in April, seeking \$100,000 damages. Again Vince reiterated his denial of any criminal offense.

Hurley went ahead and re-signed Vince for the postponed Fusari bout. The new date was May 13—another unlucky day for Vince, as it turned out.

Not that the notoriety resulting from the rape charge had decreased his popularity any; on the contrary, when the two men stepped to the center of the Madison Square Garden ring 14,193 customers, representing \$46,062 in paid admissions, were on hand.

Fusari, a tough trial horse, was underdog in the betting; Vince was a 5-6 favorite. For the first two minutes of the first round young Foster smashed Charley with terrific left hooks just beneath the heart—the blow he had learned

from Hurley. But Fusari kept his feet.

Then Fusari got over a right to the jaw that connected solidly, and Vince went down for a two-count. His knees were rubbery as he got up, and Fusari rushed, trying to end it then and there. Vince seemed too tired to keep his guard up, and Fusari hit him at will. He went down again, this time for a count of eight, but managed to sway back to his feet. His eyes were unseeing, and once more Fusari smashed him down. Again he rose on the eight-count, and twice more Fusari hit him.

Then referee Ruby Goldstein, remembering the rule that a bout must be stopped after three knock-downs in one round, put an end to the butchery. Only two minutes and twenty-six seconds of the first round had elapsed.

At least one imaginative reporter wrote that Foster's defeat seemed like a judgment from On High. Be that as it may, it is certain that Vince was not in good shape for the fight. His one-two hadn't worked, and he'd lacked the stamina to absorb Fusari's punches. He was a hollow shell of his former self.

**O**N June 26, Vince announced abruptly that he was retiring from the ring "at least temporarily" in order to give more time to his religious work. He cancelled a fight with Jean Walsack, French welterweight champion, and loyal Jack Hurley backed him up with the statement that (Vince believed) "... the Lord may not want him to fight any more."

Then, like a bolt from the blue, the Dark Angel struck. Vince would never fight or get drunk or preach the Gospel or flirt with the girls again. At 22, before it had hardly begun, his life was finished. What he might have been is no matter now—the record is writ forever—33 professional fights, 28 victories, including 20 knockouts. But that is the least important part of the story.

What happened to Vince Foster can be a lesson to all of us. He was not all good, he was not all bad. Like every man, he was a bewildering mixture of both. But more than most, he was troubled, confused, tortured, suffering. Occasionally he glimpsed a great light dimly—as do we all. At least he tried hard to reach upward toward the Divine—even though he frequently failed. And that should be enough.

May his soul rest in peace.

THE END

## FAMOUS WISECRACKS OF SPORT

Continued from page 27

The first golfer to make a million—and spend it, "The Hage" will probably go down as the most relaxed golfer in history. This Bing Crosby-minded athlete of the Golden Age of sports was noted for his calmness under fire.

Hagen was at his best when the chips were down. Nothing upset or disturbed the even tenor of his ways. Asked how he managed to keep his aplomb at all times in golf, Walter replied: "I play each shot as I come to it. And then I forget it." But the most repeated of Hagenisms is—"Don't worry—don't hurry. You're only here on a short visit. Be sure you smell the flowers on the way."

And while we're still in the philosophical mood, to those of you who are inclined to brood over the cards handed out by Lady Luck in the past, we give you the split-milk wisdom of the famous sportsman and race-horse owner, the late Colonel Ed Bradley. "The last race happened a hundred years ago. It's the next one that counts."

The nimble wits and voluble tongue of the late Joe Jacobs, fighter pilot, got him into and out of many tight places during his life. Manager of Mike McTigue when the Irishman won the light heavyweight world title from Sikl, the Singular Sengeless, at Dublin, Ireland, on Saint Patrick's Day, 1923, Jacobs is remembered for many happenings in the manly art of modified mayhem.

Max Schmeling, a Jacobs boxer, was the only fighter in history to win the heavyweight crown while resting on the floor. In his first Sharkey go, it was the frenzied cries of "Foul! Foul!" by the ready tongue of Jacobs that really gained the title for the German.

But Jacobs' gem in this collection of sporting quips, occurred a few years before his death. Attending a boxing card one rainy evening, Joe viewed the uninspiring spectacle with jaundiced eyes. Turning to his companions of the night, Jacobs vented his spleen with a beauty that still gives sports writers delight and makes English purists scream. Said Joe in utter disgust—"I shoulda stood in bed."

**T**he annual autumnal madness, football, has produced its share of coaches and players who have added to the merriment of the na-

tion with their bits of levity and sarcasm in the annals of sports.

Ranking high as one of the greatest of all gridiron mentors was the now deceased Knute Rockne of Notre Dame. The "Rock" not only achieved immortality as coach of the always brilliant South Bend, Indianapolis pigskin teams, but an equal fame for his wit and psychology in the handling of his football squads. No personality connected with the national fall sport could match Rockne as an afterdinner speaker.

The most oft-told of all Rockne tales and one that every coach, whether he be of the sandlot, high school, college or pro variety, uses to deflate a player suffering from egotism and who comes up with the inevitable alibi for a poor performance, concerns a star halfback in a tough Nebraska imbraglio of bygone days.

This brilliant back, with his color and dash, was the particular darling of the boys in the press box. All season long their typewriters had pounded out a symphony of praise until the youngster began to believe all their lyrical prose.

But in this contest, a certain end kept smearing the always heretofore operating Irish accent. Rockne's ire kept mounting as he watched his well-publicized backfield star miss block after block throughout the first half. Gathered in the locker room for the between-halves rest, Knute fixed a baleful glare on his now discomfited erstwhile star.

"What's the matter?" growled Knute. "Why don't you block out that end?"

"Well, Rock, he's tough," the player answered lamely, "I go after him on every play, but he's tough, mighty tough."

"Tough?" sneered Rockne. "He probably doesn't know who you are. Why don't you show him your scrap-book?"

**N**EARLY all football banquets end up with the following story, one of Pop Warner's old standbys. So let's end these yarns of autumnal merriment on the same pitch.

Two Catholic college teams were playing their traditional closing game with all the fire and roughness noted in their play. Before the start of the contest, the referee had called both clubs together and warned them that any unorthodox

performances would not be tolerated.

Along about the first quarter, a player staggered to his feet from the bottom of a big pileup. He held up a hand streaming with blood and howled to the referee—"A guy on the bottom of the pile bit off my finger!" The official stopped the game, called all the players around him and warned them that if there was any more rough stuff he'd call off the game immediately.

The contest proceeded without incident till near the end of the half. A player from the rival club rushed up from scrimmage holding on to the side of his head. "Look!" he screamed. "One of those lousy bums bit off my ear!"

The harried arbiter took one look at the bloody, mangled organ. "So help me!" he solemnly declared, raising his right hand on high. "I'll never officiate at another game between you so-and-so's as long as I live." He started off the field. Then turning, added as an afterthought, "Unless you agree to play on a Friday."

And now we come to that All-All utterance in the sacred sagas of sports. We refer to the virile public speech made by fistiana's immortal John L. Sullivan. With King Edward VIII, then the Prince of Wales as host, a party was given the Boston Strong Boy, then at the zenith of his fame.

When it came the Great Man's time to speak, John L. suddenly realized his limitations as a social entertainer. But never a man to shrink a battle, "Jawn" arose and thundered at the assembled guests, "I can neither sing nor dance, but just to be sociable I'll lick any blankety-blank man in the house."

THE END

"In some parts of the world they are so afraid of being buried alive that they have a most peculiar custom. When a man dies they bury him, and after sixty days he is dug up and placed on a cold slab. Twenty beautiful dancing girls are then brought in and dance around him for several hours."

"What good does that do?"  
"Well, if he doesn't get up they know he's really dead."

Love, after all, is strong medicine, and therefore should be taken in small doses for best results.

A husband is just a bachelor whose luck finally failed.



"He wants me to be his beneficiary. Should I slap his face?"

# SHARK ISLAND ALCATRAZ

(Continued from page 33)

provinces for years before they caught up with him. Once here, it took him only a few weeks to make up his mind to depart. We went after the guy with speedboats and airplanes, we combed every inch of the mainland across the half-mile strait. We never found a trace of him.

"Yet people again and again testify that they have seen him. Some even admit that they talked to him. But that is all hero-worship and efforts to ridicule the authorities. As far as I am concerned, Gomez landed in a shark's stomach and went the way of all flesh. But he is the idol of all the men and next

to escape and sex he is the most talked about subject on the island."

"What about sex?" I questioned.

"Well, I do not know much about northern prisons except from what I read. But I think the situation is generally the same except for the outlets of emotion. With the—as you must admit—humane treatment of our men, the relative freedom they enjoy on the island and the field work connected with it, part of the problem is taken care of. The diet and the tropical diseases which no citizen, convict or otherwise, can evade in this climate, do the rest. Homo-sexuality occurs on a smaller scale than in northern

penal institutions, but the hot Latin tempers cause vicious fights and a good deal of trouble.

"Don't forget, that jealousy affects a large percentage of our country's otherwise honest citizens. Jealous killings over women or to revenge the so-called family honor are the most frequent crimes committed in our country. Crime here is seldom a matter of premeditation or committed for material gains. It is usually the result of uncontrolled temper, emotional distress and, of course, drunkenness."

When I referred to some moist, dark and sinister dungeons I had seen below the barracks, Averra was a little embarrassed:

"Oh, that. After all, we need some means to punish bad behavior and crimes committed in the colony, also to keep desperate men separated from others. And, by the way, that brings us to sex again. On Sundays, those cells down there are filled to capacity for several hours."

"Why on Sundays?"

"That's visitors' day. Notwithstanding their reduced virility, many prisoners can't stand the sight of women among the guests. It makes them run amok. We have quite a few men who voluntarily go down to the dungeons because they have sense enough to keep out of trouble that way."

**A** LIFER by the name of Miguel was assigned to show me over the various parts of the island, its plantations and work shops. Like magic, something drew him always to the extreme western point of San Lukas from where the shores of the mainland were at the most tempting distance.

"So near and yet so far," he sighed every time. "Isn't it a shame, Senor? I bet it would take me less than half an hour to get over that water and crawl on that beautiful white sand of Nucoya just over there. I have it all figured out."

And hacking furiously away at some tree branches, he added: "If I could only keep this machete for a few days, I would make myself what it takes to get over there—a little raft. But we have to check the knives in at 4 o'clock, and God have mercy on the poor fellow who does not put his knife on the hook."

He meditated in silence and then related the story of Jesus Maria Valverde, a six-foot mestizo who, in spite of his holy name, had butchered his sweetheart, her mother and two sisters, with a cleaver.

"Valverde was plain loco, Senor. He belonged in a manicomio (mad-



"I'm afraid you're wasting your time, Sir. I'm no longer with the First National Bank."

house) and not on this island. From the very first day of his appearance here he only talked and figured out how to leave the place.

"And mind you, Senor, not to look for freedom. Oh no, not Valverde. By some unhappy timing he missed the father and elder brother of his girl the day he went out to eliminate that family. All he wanted was to get back to those two and complete the job. Honest—that's all he wanted.

"When one of the laundry ropes was missing one night, I knew what was in store. Valverde had told me time and again how he would tie two tree stumps together with it and then push the raft in front of him and climb on it in case sharks were coming.

"He did not know our sharks here. They are much too fast for a poor convict to climb on a raft. Before the alarm was sounded, we heard the terrible screams coming from the beach. Some fellows just stick their heads under the blankets when they hear that sound.

"When we raced down, Valverde was only about a hundred feet from the beach, clinging to his tree-raft. But both his legs were torn away at the hips. A sight, Senor, that I'll never forget, that will make me think twice before I try it myself.

"Valverde lived long enough for the doctor and priest to come from the mainland, and I never heard such cursing and pleading for hours before all the blood was out of him."

As interesting as the never-ending talk about leaving San Lukas, were some convicts' opinions on justice. Few men denied their crimes, or blamed a frame-up for their presence on San Lukas. There was rather a strange desire to enlarge their deeds, to play up murder and violence and bloody hair-raising details, to boast of taking human lives.

There was, however, a decided reluctance to take punishment for their crimes. Just like that little haggard-looking man who could not and would not believe in the justice of spending the rest of his life away from home because he had tried to kill the fellow who had seduced his 13-year-old daughter.

"... and, Senor, I even did not lay hands on him!"

"But what are you here for then?"

"Oh, that. You see when I went to revenge the honor of my house, the hijo de puta (a.o.b.) was gone and that made me really mad. So I chopped up two relatives of his who happened to be there and let some steam off on some visitors who for-

tunately came about the same time. But whenever I get out of here, I promise I shall get that..."

"You must have been drinking before you did those things," I observed.

"Naturalemente, Senor, how can one go about such serious matters without the spiritual help of a couple of aguardientes (strong liquor) in the stomach."

THE case of Candino Mena is another one of such typical "erring justice" stories. His tongue loosed the gift of cigarettes, Candino tried in his best peon manner to give me an accurate account of the events that led to the extremely unfair interference with his normal life.

"You must understand, Senor, that Eloy Briseno was my comrade and best friend. He was like a brother. But then one night at his house we got into an argument after we had a couple of ron viejos (rum) and Eloy threatened me with his machete, me his closest friend!

"And on my word, senor, Briseno is one of the most thorough fellows with a machete. So I had to defend myself, don't you see? When he was found next morning, nobody knew who had killed him, that is, except a neighbor.

"Which brings me to my friend, the neighbor, Campos, who had seen me doing it the night before. But Campos was just like a brother too, he kept silent for thirteen years until the day when we quarrelled over a male. That shows you what friends are. He went right to the alcalde and told them that I was the one who had strangled Briseno all those years ago."

"Wait a minute," I protested. "Did you say you strangled Briseno? I thought you had to fight him off must understand, when we had that to defend your life."

"That is correct, Senor. But you pleito (argument) I was without my machete, so I had to go outside and tear a piece of wire from his fence and use it. I only defended my life with the little wire!"

Leaving the house to loosen a piece of wire from the fence and then returning to slip it around his best friend's neck certainly appeared to be a strange case of self-defense, a view apparently shared by the courts. The sentence to stay for the rest of his life on San Lukas bewildered Candino no end and made him a blither but talkative opponent of the conventional views on justice. He also seemed like a potential midnight snack for the island's real guards, the sharks.

THE END

## TEXAS LEAGUERS

The San Diego ball club has had to postpone only four games on account of rain in 13 years... fog got two.

In 1938 when the Cincinnati Reds' Ernie Lombardi was the National League's leading batter and most valuable player, he hit into 30 double plays.

Pete Reiser, now with the Boston Braves, holds one of the major league's strangest records—he stole home seven times in one year.

Grover Cleveland Alexander won 28 games in his first year in the majors.

The largest crowd ever to attend a regular baseball contest was 82,781 at the double-header between the Athletics and Indians at Cleveland on June 20, 1948.

Bob Feller, supposedly the Indians' best pitcher when the 1946 season opened, lost more games—15—than any man on the Cleveland staff; gave up most hits—255—most runs—123—and most home runs—30.

Babe Ruth was batting champ only once.

Only eight ballplayers in all major league history have hit 500 home runs—Joe DiMaggio, Babe Ruth, Jimmy Foxx, Mel Ott, Lou Gehrig, Hank Greenberg and Roger Hornsby.

When Bucky Harris signed to manage the San Diego club for \$23,500, he gained a bigger paycheck than three American League managers and two in the National League.

When Virgil Trucks, at 19, was pitching for the Andalus, Ala. club, he struck out 418 men in 27 games, scoring 13 shutouts and 2 no-hitters.

In 1914, Babe Adams, Pittsburgh, hurled a 21-inning game without walking a single batter.

Paul Richards, one-time Detroit catcher, set a record of seven passed balls in a seven-inning game at Atlanta. It happened the first time Dutch Leonard unveiled his knuckle ball.

## LOST FRENCHMAN'S GOLD

(Continued from page 19)

country, hoping to put safe distance behind him.

Grey dawn found him on a steep mountain hogback, ravenously hungry and dog tired. Lou noticed then that it was a good spot to make a halt. From this vantage point he could see for several miles over his back trail to the south and to the east.

As sunlight broke over the mountains, Lou made camp in a grove of trees "with light-colored bark," which he took to be live oaks. He ate snacks of food that had happened to be tied in a flour sack behind his saddle. He put Katinka out on a picket rope.

Finally, Lou sat down on a ragged outcropping and tried to relax. The sun was warming his tired, sore body when he idly picked up a rock, intending to toss it at a scurrying, slithering form that he took to be a lizard.

The rock was so heavy that he dropped his eyes, then stared. In his hand was a piece of whitish, semi-transparent quartz, thickly threaded with glistening wire gold. Lou had seen samples of ore that prospectors had proudly displayed in various camps, but never before had he seen quartz so amazingly rich in precious metal.

He jumped to his feet and looked around him. The ground under the trees and off down the slope to the southeast was now glinting and shimmering in the sun. It was all this same kind of broken up, beautifully gold-veined rock!

It was positively amazing! Why, with a hammer to crush the rock, here was a fortune for the taking! No panning or placing! It would lift out like yellow lace! And it was all his!

Lou Belfis suddenly whooped for joy and ran toward his faithful little companion. Katinka snorted and backed away. Then Lou went mute and stopped dead, staring over the animal's back and down the slope.

The Indians had circled to the east! Down in a tree-shaded meadow they were now moving cautiously in timber shadows!

Stark fear made Lou leap for his burro. He tore up the branch peg, grabbed the rope and jumped into the saddle that he had not taken off. In a matter of seconds Katinka was again in a choppy, short-legged lope.

ALL that day, Lou rode wildly through more rough country. Late in the afternoon he reached Fiddler's Gulch, then circled Eight

Dollar Mountain. He literally wept with joy when he saw the outskirts of the mining camp, Selma.

Here Lou Belfis rested from his ordeal. He repaired watches and kept his precious secret. At night, in the privacy of his room, he unwrapped his chunk of gold-bearing quartz, fingered it fondly and wondered just what he should do about his good fortune.

Days passed into weeks. One Saturday afternoon Lou learned that a group of miners were leaving for—of all places—his home town, Jackson City!

When they left Selma, Lou Belfis was with them.

As soon as Lou reached Jackson City, he looked up C. C. Beekman, a former pony express rider who had become a banker. After securing Beekman's promise of secrecy, Lou Belfis poured out his story. He produced the piece of quartz that he had stuck inside his shirt and asked its value. Beekman whistled. He bought the piece of quartz for 100 dollars and promptly offered to grubstake Lou if he would give him a half interest in the claim.

Lou Belfis readily agreed to this. Lou's confidence was not misplaced. Beekman proved to be a man of his word and highly dependable. He knew local conditions and advised Lou to wait for a few months before starting out again. Soon the Indians' antagonism would be smoothed out.

Beekman's opinion proved correct. Soon it appeared safe for young Lou to start back and stake out claims for himself and his new partner.

EQUIPPED with plenty of grub, two good mules besides Katinka, camping equipment, rifle, ammunition and good stout mountain clothes that Beekman supplied, Lou Belfis set out.

Figuring that the best way was to re-trace his journey to Fort Dick and back, he returned to Sallor's Diggings—Waldo. He made the trip over the Siskiyou to Fort Dick without incident. He started north and east along the same trail that he had taken before. He reached the spot where he had been ambushed, almost a year before. It all looked the same. This was going to be easy.

Then he started to follow the trail to where his burros had raced for safety. He was threading his way through stunted cedars when he heard a voice. It seemed to be close to his shoulder. It had a mannish ring to it, yet it sounded very soft, no doubt meaning to be kind.



"Who won?"

"Don't look for the gold!" it said. "Don't look for any gold! Don't go there!"

Lou Belfis looked around warily. There was no one behind shrubbery or up a tree. He wondered then if he had really heard a voice.

For weeks he searched the north-erly slope, went back over the a-erated ridges. He circled, and over-lapped his circles. He ranged north and south, then east and west. He went down to Sailor's Diggings for more supplies, then continued his search. It was no go. He couldn't find that ledge of gold-bearing quartz.

But he knew that it was there—somewhere. He kept on looking, doggedly now. Heat came with full summer, then the chill and bleak-ness of autumn. Soon cottony, white flakes of snow began drifting down. Lou Belfis gave up the search. But only for a little while. Only for the winter.

The next spring Lou was out again. All that year he looked for the ridge ledge near the live oaks. He kept looking the year after that. He knew the fabulous quartz was somewhere on an eastern slope of the mountains, for the morning sun had shone on the glittering wire gold.

Miners in the various settlements began talking about the Frenchman who had been born near Paris but who kept searching for new gold in a new country.

Year after year went by. Because Lou Belfis wasn't getting any near-er to hoped-for fortune as he grew older, he kept repairing watches and mending jewelry. He married a fine woman and had several sturdy children. After leaving Jack-son City he lived in Roseburg, Ore-gon and Tulare, California, among other places, where he made ends meet with his jewelry business.

Whenever he could take time away from his family duties, he made trip after trip into the Sik-kiyou Mountains, ever hopeful that he would find his treasured hoard.

He saw prospector after prospec-tor go out, ahead of and behind him, looking for the same rich spot. He was getting old now. No longer could he tackle the hard trail that tired even the best of young men.

**A**s John Belfis—later to become a dentist in Eureka—developed into young manhood, the elder Belfis told him everything he could about the lost gold. When Louis died in 1906 at Grants Pass, Oregon, at the age of 69, the young son re-membered.

When John was 18 years old, he

took up the quest in person. For over a year, he searched diligently by himself, following his father's explicit directions. He traced out Lou's route, branched into Onion Valley, but with no success.

Trying a new angle, young John then started at Kerby and back-tracked on the trail. This got no-where, either.

He stopped looking for a while when he became sick with kidney trouble, after drinking water that seeped from greenish-blue rock, found all through this locality. A lot of miners suffered with this trouble.

Some time later, young Belfis took up the search again. With Sam LaHest, a brother-in-law who had come west from Kentucky, he left Grants Pass for Kerby.

The Belfis party outfitted at the Burks Mercantile Store. As soon as local prospectors learned that Lou's son was in Kerby and "on the prod," there was a stampede for the hills.

Two old prospectors were espe-cially "stake crazy." They kept staking out claims ahead of the Belfis party, hopeful that, if there happened to be a find, they would come in for a share. For months this went on, until the old boys were worn down to ventilated socks and hobnails.

Young Belfis returned to Jack-sonville. Believing he should make an effort to earn a more tangible income, he went to Portland to study dentistry at the North Pacific College. He entered practice in 1910, opening an office in Eureka.

Some months ago, before he pass-ed away, Doctor Belfis smiled and shook his head when asked if he was ever going to search again for the lost gold.

"No, I'm not," he said with a trace of regret in his soft voice. "I can't go hiking the hills indefinitely. One gets older, you know. Besides, I've got to make a living. I'm dealing with gold only in crowns and fillings.

"Maybe," he went on pensively, "there was something to that warn-ing spirit voice after all. Dad often talked about it. It could be that a curse had been placed on the gold-bearing quartz. Or maybe the ground rild, undermined by a spring freshet. Personally, I wouldn't know. After all, I'm only a den-tist, a city dweller at heart."

THE END

It's almost old-fashioned now to be-lieve in love at first sight, or even love at first marriage.

## SCIENCE SPEAKS

Fresh, natural-tasting orange and grapefruit juice will come out of cans. Uncle Sam is coming to the rescue with the announcement of a Government citrus fruit labora-tory at Pasadena, California to de-termine what causes flavor and color to change after processing.

Sprained ankles don't have to hurt. Doctors at Cornell University Med-ical College have confirmed a two thousand year old Chinese method of making sprains painless. One short treatment of "needling" the joint and you can walk away as good as new, even though the ankle remains swollen and discolored. Treatment consists merely of in-serting a hypodermic needle into the sprained joint, then quickly re-moving it. It is painless and works in an unexplained way.

A non-smearing lipstick at last. It's also moisture-proof, and won't rub off on clothing or cigarettes. This new material is made of ethyl cel-lulose, ethyl alcohol, acetone, hy-drogenated methyl acetate and mineral spirits. Perfumes and col-ors can be added to this liquid lip-stick to suit the individual. A patent has already been granted to the discoverer of the product and com-mercial production will come soon.

Baby buggies to have bearings of nylon. Nylon plastic when drawn out into fine filaments makes wom-en's stockings. This same nylon plastic can be machined into bear-ings which outlast steel ones. This new discovery is also particularly interesting in that the nylon bear-ings require no oiling or other lubri-cation. The initial experimental work was conducted on baby car-riages with spectacular success. Now, scientists are investigating the possiblity of a host of nylon parts for various mechanisms.

Arsenic in foods and drugs detected easily and accurately by a new technique. Up to the present, the only known methods for analyzing for arsenic were lengthy, tiresome, and in many instances inaccurate. The American Brass Company has now developed a new electric eye method. This unique photo-electric calorimeter measures the amount of poison present after the arsenic has been isolated from the material being tested. It is simple to operate and extremely accurate.

# CAN HOMOSEXUALITY BE CURED?

(Continued from page 7)

Time after time the thread of homosexuality crops up in cases far afield, as it did in the murder trial of Wayne Lonergan.

In other cases where homosexuality is the main offense, as in that of William "Big Bill" Tilden, longtime American tennis ace, in Los Angeles, the judge must assay the value of the psychiatric and the punitive and strike a balance.

Tilden had been arrested as a "morals offender" with a teen age lad.

Considering Tilden's international reputation as a tennis star and the importance of his leadership to youth, the judge felt that he must sentence "Big Bill" to jail. After a brief stay in jail, Tilden was paroled subject to psychiatric treatment. Within a matter of weeks from the date of his parole, Tilden was re-arrested for precisely the same offense and was on his way back to jail for parole violation.

His case illustrates the gravity of the jurist's responsibility in deciding whether to evoke the psychiatric or the legalistic approach.

IN New York City there has been a longstanding, sustained effort at affording the courts psychiatric guidance in their handling of this type of sex offender.

This work was inaugurated by Dr. George William Henry, a psychiatrist for whom the George W. Henry Foundation is named. The

Foundation is dedicated to research and social work among all varieties of sex variants.

The author of "Sex Variants," an authoritative American text in the field, Dr. Henry became interested when he was approached over a dozen years ago by a group of psychologists, psychiatrists and social scientists banded together under the title: *The Committee for The Study of Sex Variance*.

Included in this now defunct committee were figures of the caliber of Austin McCormick, Commissioner of Corrections for New York City in the LaGuardia Administration.

Incidentally, officials of the George W. Henry Foundation are by no means sure that homosexuality is on the increase. It is their opinion that the widely publicized Kinsey report (first medical research volume to make the best seller lists month after month) and the multitude of current novels on the subject have made society and the police more aware of the prevalence of this type of sexual behavior.

The homosexual's fear of society and of the law, which has made him unwilling to cooperate with the best intentioned researchers, has resulted in precisely the kind of furtive, haunted living which Dr. English had in mind when he says, "If it (homosexuality) is kept a secret, they (the homosexuals) have

all the problems which arise from an individual's attempt to conceal himself and live in a world apart."

Homosexuality tends under these conditions of fear to become a kind of cult. The homosexual justifies himself to himself, his fellows and society by pointing to all the illustrious figures whom the psychiatrist's research have revealed as homosexual, as his excuse for being exactly as he is. Not only does this result in a feeling of superiority, but it gives him a rationalization for avoiding the neuropsychiatrist's consulting room and the psycho-analyst's couch. The sum total result is that he sees no reason to seek cure until he is caught and his hand forced by saddened, puzzled parents, outraged school authorities or—the police.

ASSUMING he is so forced, or a genuinely seeks cure, what has psychiatry to offer him? Or her?

Not many years ago, some psychiatrists thought that hormone injections might be the answer. It was reasonable to suppose that a hormone deficiency might explain the homosexual's incapacity or unwillingness to function normally.

Lured by novelty, a number of homosexuals tried the hormone treatment. There can be little doubt that the hormone treatment produced certain physiological changes—a better muscular condition, increased luscious growth, deepened voices. But, alas, it did not achieve lasting personality changes or modify or change the sex practices of congenital homosexuals.

A few homosexuals still resort to it, but the hormone treatment is now generally discarded by psychiatrists. And, like all other treatments tried or suggested for homosexuality, it is costly and beyond the means of most homosexuals—except the wealthy.

And the attitude of the wealthy homosexual, as many psychiatrists can testify is one of even less social concern than that of those with less means. Generally, the wealthy homosexual takes the attitude—"why should I be concerned about the problem? I can buy my way out of trouble." And, unfortunately, generally he can.

Psycho-analysis has a technique for the cure of homosexuals, and a number of analysts claim to have achieved such cures—or in psychiatric language, "changes," "adjustments" or "adaptations." These are recorded in elaborately reported case histories coded under any one of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet and buried in medical libraries. But when you try to track



"I thought you were never getting out!"



down a "sure" cure and meet the cured individual face to face you run your nose smack into professional ethics. Everybody knows of a cured homosexual, but no one knows his or her name or can introduce you.

Certain psychiatrists are rumored to be experimenting with a biochemical means of curing homosexuality, but this is as hush-hush and top secret as was the atom bomb a few years ago. Whether it will meet with any more success than any of the others remains to be seen.

Some psychiatrists have considered the possibility of group therapy, particularly after the patient has reached a certain stage of adjustment. However, any possibility of utilizing the techniques of group therapy, following in some measure the pattern established by "Alcoholics Anonymous," seems ruled out for obvious reasons, no matter how repulsive the psychiatrist undertaking the project.

**T**WO factors weigh heavily against the possibility for cure in the case of most homosexuals. The cost of professional psychiatry for the homosexual (as for most folks in need of it) is way beyond their means; and there just aren't enough competent psychiatrists. And, more important, few real, developed homosexuals have the will to cure. They seem content, or reasonably so, in their secret world.

The Rev. Thomas V. Moore, Professor of Psychiatry at the Catholic University of America, in a learned article in *The Journal of Personality* titled "The Pathogenesis and Treatment of Homosexual Disorders," carefully examines all of the treatments available to homosexuals and discards all of them as having any validity as cures.

On the other hand, Dr. Karl Menninger, head of The Menninger Clinic, Topeka, Kansas, and president of the The American Psychiatric Association, writing the author in connection with an earlier article on the subject, wrote: "Your statement that homosexuals do not want treatment is very commendable. For this reason I have seen few homosexuals in my practice; however, some could be treated successfully by psycho-analysis, I believe."

"I think, perhaps, that your article should contain some statement to the effect that some individuals believe themselves to be homosexual, but actually are not, and indulge in homosexuality because they feel it the lesser of two evils."

Whether the cures reported in

medical journals are made in this group who believe themselves to be homosexual, but are not, or whether psycho-analysis does successfully treat homosexuality is an open question.

For the developed homosexual seeking cure for any reason whatsoever, it boils itself down to this—you pay your money and you take your chance. Maybe so. Maybe so.

**O**N behalf of society, reluctantly one comes to the conclusion that there is no evidence convincing to a layman that any fool-proof cure for homosexuality is known or on the horizon and that Dr. English's advice is the best psychiatry affords—now.

Dr. English's proposal of prevention involves the tortuous business of discovering the causes of homosexuality and then carefully sterilizing the environmental and psychiatric sources of psychic infection that result in homosexuality. It would involve generations of endeavor and might or might not work. And it would require funds for research as extensive as those expended on tuberculosis or cancer.

And that is the best sure cure advanced out of our present top-drawer psychiatric knowledge.

The probabilities are that very few now living will see that achieved, any more than our grandparents and their parents saw harsh legislation accomplish the cure of homosexuality as a problem.

But find a cure we must, or generations to come will perish unborn!

THE END

## Old Man In Cleveland by Harold Heifer

**Y**OU ask any old-timer about Kid Broad, and he'll say: "Yep, he was some fighter all right."

Now he doesn't mean that Kid Broad was a champ or that he even had an imposing string of victories.

When Kid Broad entered the ring, as a matter of fact, there was as good a chance that he would come out vanquished as that he would conquer. But there was one thing about him that set him apart from the others.

He could sure take a lot of punishment.

He'd get whacked all over the ring—but he'd always keep wading in. You'd knock him down a dozen times, and he would arise each and every time.

Something like 50 years has gone since the sometimes-bloody-but-unwashed head of the Kid crawled through the ropes, but to this day there have been few who have matched his capacity for taking punishment.

He had a rallying cry that seemed to keep him going and that soon became familiar with the fans. When someone knocked him to the canvas he would always mutter, "Gotta get up, gotta get up—what would my old man in Cleveland say?"

And he would get up. Sometimes after running into an opponent's fist he would lay on the deck so limp and woebegone that it would appear that it would take a crane to scoop him up again, but he would find the strength to say, "Can't stay down, gotta get up—my old man in Cleveland wouldn't like it!" And he would be on his feet again.

**O**NE time the Kid met in pugilistic encounter a character by the name of Aurelio Herrera. Now this was tough.

It was soon evident that the Kid was in for one of his worst nights. The man from south of the border hit frequently and he hit hard. In no time at all the Kid was wobbling.

Down the Kid would go—but right back up he'd come. But the Kid had never had anybody hit him so often or so murderously.

Finally, the Kid went down and he made no move to get up. The referee quickly hovered over him, a towering bursard in white ducks, and began to count.

"One . . . two . . . three . . ."

The Kid's lips moved ever so slightly.

The crowd became hushed. Was he going to utter his famous cry and get himself up?

" . . . four . . . five . . ."

There was again a slight movement of the fallen warrior's lips but no sounds came forth.

" . . . six . . . seven . . . eight . . ."

Then finally, in a loud, sharp voice, a stream of words came out of the Kid's mouth for one and all to hear.

"To hell with my old man in Cleveland," he said. "I'm staying down here."

Then, a pleased and contented expression on his face, he stretched himself out and permitted himself to be counted out, the first and only time in his career he ever knocked out.

## No Cup To Cheer

This is the thought occurs to me

Whenever I grow pensive:

The curse of liquor nowadays

Is that it's so expensive!

## IS BENZEDRINE HARMFUL?

(Continued from page 13)

poisoning resulting from an overdose of sleeping pills of the barbiturate family.

Hundreds die every year from a too generous use of sleeping pills—sale of which is condemned by many able gentlemen of the medical profession, but condoned or defended by others equally competent.

The article was by Dr. Abraham Freireich and Dr. Joseph Landsberg. They had found benzedrine to be the obvious antidote for acute poisoning by sleeping pills. As a powerful stimulant, benzedrine introduced into the veins of the prostrate patient simply counteracted the narcotic effect of the barbiturate.

Further, benzedrine had been found to have the effect of preventing development of pneumonia, a frequent aftermath of barbiturate poisoning.

It is a curious commentary on the slow and conservative process by which the medical profession moves ahead, that bored habitues of New York's Broadway and other of the nation's "hot spots" had anticipated the two good doctors.

For years before these experiments were reported, the Broadway thrill-seekers were taking "bolts and jolts"—a combination of barbiturates and benzedrine, "which slaps you down and then pokes you up."

**M**OST of the medical authorities agree that benzedrine is not habit forming in the medical sense—that is, its regular use sets up no bodily craving which must be satisfied by an ever-increasing dose. And the unpredictability of the reaction obtained is strongly stressed. One person may be far more sensitive to the drug than another. And just as with alcohol, but to a more pronounced extent, even the same individual will get a different experience from its use at different times.

For most normal individuals, however, it is a fair approximation of a successful hangover remedy. It relieves the throbbing head, steadies the shaking hand, cures nausea and generally restores senses and faculties to their normal functions.

Many heavy drinkers have found that judicious use of the pills as an accompaniment to their drinks gives an added kick, and prolongs a drinking spree by suppressing the

mounting narcotic effect of the alcohol. But the physical and nervous exhaustion which follows such a fling is almost invariably correspondingly deepened.

Taken simply as a stimulant and not as a remedy for some abnormal condition, in proper dosages, the effect of the little white pills is to give a sense of euphoria or well-being and to sharpen the faculties.

Some individuals report that one of the early effects they experience is a brief period of drowsiness, which is quickly followed by a state of nervous excitement and wakefulness sometimes unpleasantly prolonged.

**T**HE action of benzedrine as an aphrodisiac or sex excitant is quite generally recognized, but it is as little understood as some of its other characteristics. In part, this stimulation appears to be a simple reflection of general stimulation, but there are indications there are other elements at work which can be interpreted only in terms of a specific heightening of the libido and a lifting of some of the sex inhibitions normal to the individual.

Immoderate use of this strange new drug has some very evil and ugly results for the individual, whatever is to be said about its occasional or moderate use. Benzedrine poisoning is generally accompanied by extremely painful abdominal symptoms much like those of appendicitis. Hallucinations and delusions of persecution are not uncommon, and muscular coordination is usually seriously impaired, temporarily.

**T**RICKY and uncertain as are the immediate results of tampering with the normal functioning of the nervous and physiological processes of the body via the benzedrine route, there is no indication in what is now known about it that even regular and prolonged use of the drug has any permanent effect—mental or physical—once it is completely eliminated from the system.

But the plain fact is that we don't yet have the answers to many of the questions raised. In this situation, it is only common sense for the individual to step cautiously in this uncharted wilderness of sensations which enterprising chemists have opened.

THE END

## Crime of Fashion

by James Aldredge

**W**HEN John Hetherington stepped out of his London haberdashery shop on the afternoon of January 15, 1897, he created a startling sensation. People took one look at his head and then crowded around him angrily.

Their exasperation made them mutter threats and hurl all sorts of abuse at this lonely Englishman. The circle about Hetherington grew into a mob, and he seemed to produce a variety of feelings.

Women got a glimpse of his head and then fainted dead away. Children screamed and dogs barked as if they were tracking down a tramp. In the excitement a young shoemaker's son was trampled on and suffered a broken arm.

The commotion soon brought an officer of the law to the scene. He took one look at Hetherington and forthwith arrested him on the charge of inciting to riot.

The court room was packed when the prisoner was arraigned. People came from all over London to see the trial.

For the most part their sympathy was with the constable who testified that Hetherington had appeared upon a public highway, dressed in such a manner as was "calculated to frighten timid people."

They showed small patience with the haberdasher's plea that he was only exercising his right as an Englishman. Hetherington claimed the law allowed him the privilege of appearing in any headress he chose, and he had not committed any crime.

But the Lord Mayor did not view the matter so lightly. Gravely he ordered that the prisoner should be put under a bond of 500 pounds and sworn to keep the peace.

It seems strange to recall this Englishman's conviction exactly one hundred and fifty years later.

*John Hetherington had walked out on the London streets in the first high silk hat ever worn in public!*

The owner of a large concern bought some signs which said in large letters: "Do It Now." He hung them around in conspicuous places where his employees could see them. He thought this would inspire them to better work. One day a friend of his dropped in and, seeing the signs, asked if the scheme really worked. "Well, not just the way I thought it would," he confessed. "The cashier ran off with twenty thousand dollars, the office manager eloped with my secretary, four of the employees asked for increases in salary, and the office boy decided to become a bank robber."



"Confederated Airlines? Cancel my seats to Stromboli!"

## HOW TO PICK LONGSHOTS

(Continued from page 43)

trainer, J. B. McKee, was one of the smartest longshot trainers in the country at sitting a real horse to win one tremendous coup plunge.

That 100-to-1 price, of course, was nominal. It was just posted to protect the bookies at the track from big bets. You could name your own price for small plays. Plenty of "fins" and "sawbucks" were bet at 200-to-1 by the old-timers and the people who followed the rule of betting the longest priced horse in a four horse race. Trainer McKee is said to have planted big bets heavily (on the advice of his experts) at the track, at the 100-to-1 price.

When it came to the running, it was a shambles for the "name" horses and a disaster for the public—as usual. Whichone staggered to the front through the gluey Saratoga mud and held out for half a mile. Gallant Fox struggled to overtake him.

But jockey Red Baker was rating Jim Dandy behind these two leaders the first time past the stands and around the clubhouse turn, in this mile and one-quarter "mid-summer Derby."

This jockey, F. J. "Red" Baker, afterwards a trainer, was as unknown to the crowd as Jim Dandy or trainer McKee. At least, Red was unknown until Gallant Fox and Whichone hit the middle of the tree-shaded backstretch, struggling nose-and-nose.

At that point Red clucked to Jim Dandy and let out a wrap. Jim Dandy ploughed past the tiring leaders as if he had ordered the track condition to suit himself. He turned into the stretch a length in the lead. Then he pulled away swiftly to win by eight lengths from Gallant Fox.

That Travers Stakes winning at 100-to-1 was one of the all-time classic upsets. Note that it was a small field, the type of race won by so many longshots. Note that it was run over a drying out track, a condition that produces longshots at practically all tracks of the country except Belmont Park and Aqueduct.

Some professionals have a system of playing every horse in a race that is 10-to-1 or longer on a drying out track marked "heavy," "good," or "slow." This is not a scientific play however, and it will lose your shirt, pants, and vest if the expected upsets do not occur. It works best on clay footing.

ONE of the soundest methods of picking winning longshots was first published by the *Turf Guide* in 1943. It calls for a play on a horse that is the lowest weighted starter in a race, if at the same time this horse is the longest priced starter in the actual betting.

This method works particularly well in races of small fields, in which the most upsets occur. It

works well in feature races and is especially good for handicap races which have "square" weights—if you can find any. Too many so-called "handicap races" these days turn out to be mere gifts for "name horses" owned by influential people, it seems.

But one of the classic "square" handicaps in recent seasons was the 1948 running of the Gulfstream Handicap, with weights allotted by the up-and-coming racing secretary, Duke Dahlstrom. This competent racing official does not believe in spoiling his featured handicap races by giving some "name horse" from four to twelve pounds the best of the weights, thus making the race a mere "gift" for said "name horse."

There was a "name horse" in this Gulfstream Handicap on January 15, 1948, however. But he carried his proper weight. That horse was Armed, who had won his last outing. The Gulfstream had a purse of \$20,000 to the winner, and the public was so sure that Armed would win this mile and one-quarter event that its betting forced Armed's price down to 15c to one dollar. Armed was only \$2.30 for \$2 to win, in other words.

There were six starters in the race—another short field liable to produce a longshot winner. The longest priced of the six starters was the consistent black mare, Rampart, ridden by Mike Basile. Rampart carried the light weight of the field, 108 pounds, and was the longest priced of all six starters.

Nobody except the expert longshot players gave her a chance. But Mike Basile rated her in front all the way to win from Armed. Rampart paid \$53.70 for \$2 in the mutuels for her triumph. A nice prize in a six-horse race, considering Florida's high legal take!

When using the method of playing the lowest weighted horse in a race when it is also the longest priced, it can be remembered that an equal low-weight may be played as long as it is the longest priced horse in the race. Meaning, that if two horses, for example, carry 103 pounds and that is the lowest weight in the race, either one can be the system play if it is also the longest priced of all horses in the race.

Just a few days ago, as this is written in the summer of 1949, a well-known plater called Gallalad won at Monmouth Park as the longest priced and lightest weighted starter. It was not a short field this time. Twelve horses started. It was the featured sixth race, however,



"No, no, Mrs. Sheldrake. Those flowers go around your winning horse, not you!"

the race that produces so many longshots. Gallalad was the lightest weighted starter, carrying 109 pounds. He was the longest priced horse in the race. Gallalad won handily and paid a smart \$90.60 for \$2.

And only two days ago, as this is written, a little known racer called Splash won the sixth race at Jamaica. Splash had been assigned the lightest weight, 102 pounds, in this race and was by far the longest priced horse in the race. In fact, he was five times as long in price as any other starter. He won and paid \$72.20 in the six-horse race.

Another method productive of longshots concerns maidens. Again it coppers the public's cockeyed ideas about horses and racing. Having been burned so many times on the "impossible" maiden races for three-year-olds or older that spoil so many programs at big eastern tracks from Florida to New York, the public is leery of maidens. (A "maiden" in turf terminology is a horse of any age or sex which has never won. The first winning is said to "break its maiden.")

Having learned to fear maidens in maiden races, the public is all the more positive in avoiding maidens that race against horses that have won races.

But again the public is wrong. And again the smart horsemen take advantage of the public's preconceived notions to put over maidens at longshot prices. The horsemen fit their maidens (which always are horses with horrible form in the chart records) in a secret manner until they are ready to show surprising speed and win.

A horseman can wake up his maiden to win a maiden race and take a chance that five other slickers may be waking up maidens in the same race. At best, such a maiden wake-up will get only a \$10 or \$12 mutual price.

But instead, the really smart horsemen put their potential wake-up maidens in with winners, in races open to winners. The public ignores such maidens entirely. The public doesn't realize that it is easier for a horseman to judge the speed of his competition against winners (whose form is already exposed) than against maidens in a maiden race, where there may be one or two potential Man-o-Wars ready to come to life.

**A**LL of which leads up to the fact that another remarkable method for picking longshot winners is to play a maiden of three years or older when it is the ONLY maiden

in a race. All the other starters must have won at some time or other. (Of course all these details and the details for other methods outlined here are shown at a glance in modern past performance papers.)

And don't think you play only bums with this uncanny idea, an idea that first came to light in *Turf Guide* some seasons ago. Remember Brokers Tip, winner of the 1933 Kentucky Derby? Brokers Tip was the only maiden in his race. He paid \$18.60 for \$2 in this Derby winning for the E. R. Bradley stable. If he had run in any other colors but those of the self-admitted plunger, Brokers Tip would have paid a probable \$50 for \$2.

After Time, at \$212.60 for \$2, at Narragansett, was a winner for this method not so long ago. After Time was the only maiden in a race against winners. And only a few days ago, as this is written, Sky-larkier won at \$78.00 for \$2 as the only maiden in a race at Monmouth Park. Kardoso, a winner at \$89.00 for \$2 a few days ago at the Suffolk Park track, was another score for the "only maiden in the race" idea.

The trainers take advantage of another notion of the racing public to put over fancy longshots. The public ignores cheap horses and medium grade horses shipped in from other tracks and making their first starts at the new tracks. (Of course, the public knows all about the outstanding "name horses," wherever they race, and they are not included in this play.)

Trainers at New York ship cheap or medium grade horses to New England or New Jersey and get 30-to-1 on horses that would be only 5-to-1 against tougher competition at the home park. Watch for horses shipping to another track in the middle of the season when they do not have to ship away.

The horsemen know also that some tracks, notably Delaware Park, have the remarkable quality of fitting horses for wake-up winning at other tracks. Thus many horses which show no form at Delaware each year ship to other courses and stage startling reversals first out. Watch these shipped-around horses when they run first out at other tracks.

This Gallalad, the \$90.60 for \$2 winner at Monmouth Park recently for the longest-price and lowest weight method, was also a shipped-in first starter. He had made his last start at Aqueduct, New York, and had run ninth there just ten days before winning at the popular New Jersey park.

**S**OMETIMES a longshot play is stronger when two angles, as on Gallalad, pick it at the same time. Sometimes you find an "only maiden" in a race that is also the longest priced starter and the lowest weighted starter.

Three days ago, as this is written, Mickey Dazzler was shipped from New York by a smart stable and won first out at Narragansett, Rhode Island, at \$32.60.

Yesterday, as this is written, a plater called Ataman showed the strength of that switch from Delaware Park. Ataman had run ninth, out of the money, in his last start, which had been made at Delaware Park about two weeks previous. Then Ataman came out yesterday to make his first start at Monmouth. He won and paid \$128.60 for \$2.

On the very same day, Stroll won at Suffolk Downs, Massachusetts, paying \$133.00 for \$2. Stroll had made her last start at Delaware Park three weeks previous. She had run tenth at that time.

Also on the same day as Ataman and Stroll, a filly named Gay Mood won at Jamaica, paying \$33.00 for \$2. She had made her last previous start at Monmouth Park two weeks before.

A little earlier this season, Killer Mac won at Narragansett and paid \$125.60 for \$2. He was making his first start there, after having run at Garden State Park, New Jersey, in his last start two weeks before.

Awashoon, a first-out winner at Rockingham, paying \$190.50 for \$2, was a switch from Monmouth, where she had made her last previous start three weeks before.

Even the ancient "high index system" picks longshots at tracks where nobody plays it. This method was popular 30 years ago and merely calls for a play on the latest horse in a race to finish in the money at the same circuit.

Faba, a winner at \$58.00, at Monmouth Park, yesterday as this is written, was the "high index" pick. Having won at the track just a week previous, he had been in the money more recently than any other starter in the race.

If you must play horses, you may find that you get more fun by watching and waiting for these longshot spot-plays to come up, than from throwing your money away on every stiff-necked public favorite.

THE END

An elephant never forgets. But what has he got to remember?

# FOOTBALL'S MOST EXCITING GAME

(Continued from page 33)

power was so obvious that the most loyal Notre Dame rooters were resigned to defeat.

They could only hope that their team would not be too soundly whipped. Teams had come from behind before, but not after being so completely outclassed.

In the third quarter, State relaxed, and Notre Dame, fighting desperately, drove to the Buckeye eight. The last spark of Notre Dame hope was snuffed out as the Buckeye line, turning on its power at will, met the Irish fullback, Steve Miller, and stopped him in his tracks.

On into the fourth quarter, right into the dying minutes of the ballgame, Notre Dame kept up its frustrated struggle; its only solace being in keeping its goal line uncrossed since the second quarter.

But the Buckeye's demonstration had been so awing that many fans felt State did not care to score again. If that was the case they certainly regretted it.

There were just three minutes to play. Happy State fans and sad Notre Dame rooters were heading for the exits when Notre Dame launched a furious offensive.

No one took this belated Irish threat seriously. Notre Dame eked out a few first downs. Andy Pliney shook loose for a thrilling run. Pliney shot a pass to Frank Gaul, putting Notre Dame within scoring distance.

For the first time that day, Miller split the State line and scored. Fromhart missed the extra point, but no one cared. It had been a great try, and no one could say the Irish weren't game.

But Notre Dame charged right back. Moving downfield with relentless fury, a series of breath-taking plays put the Irish on the State one yard line! Notre Dame drove for the touchdown and a possible tie. Miller broke through, but as he crossed the State goal line, Buckeye tacklers jarred the ball from his grasp. State recovered and Notre Dame's glorious comeback seemed fruitless. The touchback gave the Buckeyes possession of the ball on their own twenty. A long kick pushed Notre Dame eighty yards from a tie with hardly two minutes to play.

But in four plays, Notre Dame, fighting desperately, packing more football into a few seconds than

has ever been crammed into so short a time, was back on the State fifteen! On the next play Mike Layden grabbed Pliney's pass for the second Irish touchdown, making the score State 13, Notre Dame 12. It was incredible, but the Irish were within one point of a tie!

**F**RANTICALLY, veteran sportswriters tore the sheets, proclaiming Ohio State the winner and national champion, from their typewriters. To a thousand city-rooms the premature flash had already been sent in. Type-setters and sports editors cursed and ripped out huge pages of type. New headlines were readied for this unprecedented gridiron struggle.

Across the nation millions of football addicts pressed their ears to loudspeakers as Fromhart prepared the kick that might tie the score.

In New York's Times Square, multitudes gathered, traffic came to a standstill, to watch flashing lights on the Times Building, report the rapidly changing score in this strange football drama.

And while pandemonium broke loose about him, Fromhart, who had missed before, again missed. It is strange, but obvious now, that for the fortunes of Notre Dame's football warriors that day, it was best Fromhart missed the extra-point.

Had the Irish gained a tie, it is conceivable that they might have finished the game defensively, hanging on to a stalemate. As things were, they had no alternative but to fight.

It did not seem within reason that Notre Dame would storm back and score a winning touchdown. There is a limit to human endurance. In addition to the mighty Buckeyes barring the way, the relentless second hand of time, the uncompromising enemy of all men, was rapidly reaching a consummation.

The Irish kicked off. So ferociously did they charge Dick Belitz, who took the ball for State, that the ball bounced out of his hands. Before it rolled out of bounds, Henry Polman, the Irish center, touched it. Notre Dame had the ball on the State forty-nine yard line with one minute to play!

In those hectic moments Notre Dame substituted wildly and freely

in an effort to register a victory. Now Frank Merriwell slid from the bench and went in for Notre Dame. Frank Merriwell stepped from the pages of daring fiction and reported to the referee. Frank Merriwell gave his alias as Andy Pliney, and the most fantastic fiction became real.

Notre Dame raced from its huddle. The ball came to Pliney. He faded to pass. State, expecting just that, dropped back to cover the receivers and upset the strategy. But Pliney, seeing his receivers well-guarded and the defense greatly dispersed, tucked the ball under his arm and sped around left end.

There have been greater and longer runs than Pliney made in the final moments of that ball game. But there had never been a more courageous run. Pliney ran on determination and sheer guts.

The Notre Dame blockers hadn't worked all afternoon; they weren't working now. Practically every man on the Ohio squad got his hands on Pliney more than once as he spun, twisted, turned, darted, jumped, and sprinted toward the goal line. Those he couldn't run around, he ran over. Finally he was brought to earth on the seventeen yard line. A cartilage in his leg was torn in that brutal run. He left the game and never played again, but Andy Pliney became an all-time hero in a few thrilling seconds.

Shakespeare replaced Pliney, and football's greatest climax was at hand. There were just thirty seconds left—time for four fast, hectic plays. A vibrant tenseness filled the stands as the crowd waited and wondered if the impossible was going to happen. The timekeeper stared intently at his watch. His finger tightened on the trigger as he prepared the shot that would end the game.

**N**OTRE DAME broke from its huddle. Layden took the ball and handed it to Shakespeare. Shakespeare faded back, back to the twenty-five, back to the thirty, looking for a receiver. As Ohio tacklers closed in, he shot a high pass into the corner of State's end zone.

One hundred and seventy thousand eyes watched the ball describe an arc. Eighty-five thousand hearts quickened as a blue-shirted, Notre Dame warrior, Wayne Miller, the Irish unforgettable end, surrounded by a host of Buckeyes, leaped into the air and caught the ball in joyful triumph.

Pandemonium broke loose. It swelled to an atomic roar as Notre

Dame smothered State's last desperate chance, ending the game. Notre Dame had won, 18 to 13. It was an incredible victory, a game never to be forgotten by football addicts.

Notre Dame's gallant, up-hill conquest of time and fate is an immortal accomplishment in a sport noted for its classic moments. It took fifty-seven minutes to ignite Notre Dame's spark, but once ignited it resulted in the gridiron's greatest eruption.

THE END

## The Battle On Skates

SO far as is known, the only battle ever fought on ice skates occurred in 1572 during the long and bloody war between the Dutch and the Spaniards in the Low Countries. It was a fantastic battle, all right, but it played a part in the eventual triumph of the Hollanders and so helped change the course of history.

A fleet of armed Holland vessels were frozen firmly in the ice near Amsterdam. Don Frederick of Toledo, son of the Duke of Alva, sent a body of picked men over the ice to destroy the imprisoned warships.

The Dutch sailors fortified themselves by digging a wide trench in the ice around their ships and created an almost impregnable fortress.

Not content, however, with defensive resistance, a band of Dutch musketeers sallied out upon skates from their frozen citadel to challenge the approaching Spaniards.

At home on ice, the skillful Dutch skaters, made a rapid and brilliant skirmish, in which they routed the Spaniards, leaving hundreds dead on the frozen waste.

Within the next 24 hours a flood and thaw released the Dutch ships and permitted them free movement again.

\* \* \*

A lady in the center seat of the parlor car heard the request of a female passenger directly opposite asking the porter to open the window. Anticipating a draft, she snapped testily: "Porter, if that window is opened, I shall freeze to death."

"And if the window is kept closed," returned the other passenger, "I shall suffocate."

The poor porter stood between the two, puzzled and uncertain.

"Say, boss," he finally said to a traveling salesman seated nearby, "what would you do?"

"Do!" echoed the traveler. "Why, man, that's a very simple matter. Open the window and freeze one lady. Then close it and suffocate the other."



DONNA ROBERTS  
OF THE  
CARNIVAL CLUB

## AMERICA'S DADDY OF SPEED

(Continued from page 9)

is a solid wall, and anything flying through the air is deadlier than a high-power bullet.

"I don't worry too much about the special 8-ply tires, for they stand up amazingly well on the salt. The Bonneville track has a cooling effect on the tires, and they heat up much slower than on any other type of track. In case of a flat tire, this salt "gives" just enough to anchor the car and prevent flipping over.

"The AAA timer says, 'We're ready if you are.' Winking at the mechanics, I button the hatch and we're off with a roar.

"As the track markers, which are placed 50 feet apart, begin to look like a picket fence, I listen anxiously to that tell-tale drone of the motor. The sound of those 800 horses under the hood tells me more than all the gauges on the dashboard. A solid, steady roar is what I'm hoping for.

"The first laps are over, and I settle down to the grind. Flag men tell me when to stop for gas—we cut it fine and run her almost dry to save every second. At the 32nd lap, we roll in to the pit, and the long training of the pit crew pays off.

"The car's hot already, and tire specialists check the temperature inside the tubes. A wire running inside the tube has been devised to test the internal temperature. 180 degrees is pretty hot; at 212 we're due for a blowout.

"In an instant I'm out there again, going nowhere on that endless circle.

"Though centrifugal force prevents me from setting high speed records under 10 miles, such as attained by England's drivers on the straight course, I've stuck to the circular track because an endurance run is the only true test of the car and the driver.

"The crate's clipping along fine, when I notice a hot wind has sprung up with the sun. This means trouble, for the wind comes in gusts. I bear down on the wheel to keep her on the circle, and the wind lets up, leaving me pushing against nothing.

"The heat is terrific, about 120, and the water under the salt crust is drawn upward, forcing me to slow down as the track grows slippery.

"It gets lonely out there, racing against time. The thought of an accident nudges me constantly. So many things can go wrong.

"A blow-by on a valve, for instance, acts like an acetylene torch at that speed, burning wires and causing a fire. A tiny bump or depression can send the car into a whirling-ding (spin, to you) or a blowout can send a shower of metal flying back like shrapnel.

"Worse, an electric short or a universal joint fire can set the cockpit in flames. In 1939, I was saved from worse than third degree burns by my son Marvin, who ignored the warnings of the horrified spectators and aided me in getting out of the flaming car.

"Another time, I missed death by fire when holes in the track jarred the speedometer cable onto the battery. Sparks caused the motor to catch fire, unnoticed by me, but fortunately a tire puncture at that moment caused me to pull into this pit, where the fire was discovered. That was the only time I've ever been glad I had a flat!

"Night or day, mirages on this ghost-white salt plague me. One minute the shimmering expanse ahead seems to take on a banked appearance, then it seems hilly. I almost freeze to the wheel at the sight of a huge truck standing directly ahead. But it's just a mirage, of course. Actually, the truck is many miles away.

"Or sometimes it's a spectator running out on the track. I've even seen big pelicans squatting on the track. But I grimly roll straight for them, for I know they are only images reflected on the heat waves.

"I remember one mechanic I used to have riding with me. When he saw a mirage for the first time, he dove under the cowl like an Indianapolis racer headed for the fence.

"My leg begins to ache from holding down the accelerator. I'm bone-tired, aching in every joint. But the flag man has good news chalked up on the blackboard and suddenly I'm feeling fine again. I know it'll all end in a few more laps.

"When this scene is reenacted out there this fall, you may be sure of one thing. I'll be pushing the Meteor III for all she's worth. There'll be a lot of little crippled kids counting on me, and I don't want to let them down."

THE END

## Playing Cards For Keeps

By Donald Weed

ONE of the most fantastic methods of self-destruction on record occurred some years ago inside a prison. Sam Quentin, to be specific.

No. 1651 was an uneducated lumberjack, a squat, stolid mao of Polish descent named William Kogut.

He had killed a woman with a pocket knife, and for this he had been given the extreme penalty.

But William Kogut had an obsession. He did not wish to die in an official execution. He wanted to go by his own hand.

So what did he do?

From his cot he wrenched loose a small, hollow metal tube that was closed on one end.

Then he got his deck of cards and tore them into bits.

He took the bits and soaked them in water. Then he squeezed them to his strog hands until he had turned them into a soggy pulp.

This he took and tamped into the piece of metal tubing.

William Kogut now needed only one more item to complete his project—the handle of a broom.

The handle fitted into the tube's opening and made it airtight.

His bomb was finished.

Then he held it over an oil lamp and leaned himself over it.

Playing cards are made out of cellulose, and somewhere along his plying way No. 1651 had learned that cellulose is used as a base for a powerful explosive.

William Kogut reasoned something should happen.

It is not known for sure how long he hunched himself over the lamp waiting for it to happen—but it did.

A terrific explosion shook the prison and sent a squad of guards running to William Kogut's cell.

But there wasn't any more William Kogut—just parts of him scattered here and there.

For a person who had led a drab life, William Kogut had found a most spectacular, unique and most thorough way of leaving existence.

## The Beaver

Suppose a log shoots down the stream,

And knocks his work to Hades;  
He will not rant and curse and scream—

He'll not forget the ladies.

The water is his main concern;

He'll wisely diagram it.

Then to his colleagues slowly turn,  
And all he'll say is: "Dam it!"



MICHAEL NEIL  
GLAMOR GIRL



## CHAMP BOWLER AT 53

(Continued from page 56)

Maturing like good wine, he grew better with the years. In the grind in Chicago, at which he won the National title, he was the only contestant among the 16 finalists to finish without an aching back, sore arms, tired legs and a headache. The others in the field were all measurably his junior in point of years.

It's no secret why Varipapa couldn't ever click in baseball. He has a noticeable limp, traced to the fact that one leg is shorter than the other. But his stocky frame enables him to hurl the sixteen-pound ball with devastating effect on the alleys.

Even when he loses he steals the show from the opposition. A dead ringer for Jim London, the former wrestling "champ," he exudes confidence and poise. What's more:

"Varipapa is rhythmical... that's why he's the greatest."

These words of tribute come from

no less an authority than Andy himself. It is this egotism that once greased the way for his making an unheard-of switch in balls during the championship match. The furious rate of spinning had caused his thumb to swell, so he turned to a pill with a larger hole. As a rule, good bowlers have balls drilled for their express use and rarely effect a substitution in an important event.

But his changing balls in mid-alley did not prevent him from winning forty of his sixty-four games, averaging 213.34 and rolling up 315.16 Petersen points. Under this system, a bowler gets a point for each victory and a point for each fifty pins flattened.

**V**ARIPAPA is the perfect combination of champion and showman. He delights in doing the unexpected and appears to be at his best under the most difficult con-

ditions. Last year, for example, he drove 300 miles to Rome, N. Y., for an exhibition. Fatigued by the non-stop ride, he nevertheless stepped out of his car onto the alley and, without so much as a warm-up pitch, rolled eight successive strikes.

At this point, a cantankerous individual dared him to bowl a strike left-handed. Andy didn't blink an eye. He promptly switched, and again mowed down all ten pins. He then wound up with a perfect score!

Another time—at Mt. Vernon, Ohio—he had to compile a baker's dozen before forging a 300. He rolled a strike on the wrong alley, but came back to click off twelve more for a legitimate tally.

But if he is a showman, he also keeps his secrets. Questioned about what factor he considered uppermost in his ascent to the throne, Andy promptly answered:

"I wear comfortable shoes."

THE END



"I'm borrowing Miss Bunker, J. B., for some dictation."

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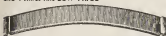
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# NERVOUS STOMACH

## STOMACH MISERY due to GAS



If you pitch and toss at night—count sheep till the wee, small hours, suffering from those distressing symptoms of what the doctors call "flatulent dyspepsia"—the feeling of heaviness after meals, belching, bloating and colic due to gas in stomach and intestines, you will be delighted to learn that Medical Science has now discovered a new way to relieve these distressing symptoms. A group of eminent Medical Scientists who studied the problem for many years found that when two ALLIMIN Garlic Tablets are given after meals, men and women who suffer from the distressing symptoms of "flatulent dyspepsia" get real, uncomplicated relief in the great majority of cases. This was supported by extensive X-ray studies. ALLIMIN is the largest selling garlic tablet in the world. More than 250 million of these tablets have been used to date. They are for sale at all good drug stores everywhere. Your money back if they don't give you the relief you yourself expect.



← 30 feet of Stomach and Intestines. Here is where ALLIMIN goes to work to relieve the distress of Flatulent Dyspepsia.



Allimin is for sale at all good drug stores everywhere. A generous supply costs only 70 cents. The special economy size, sufficient supply for 30 days or more is now priced at only \$1.35.

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